HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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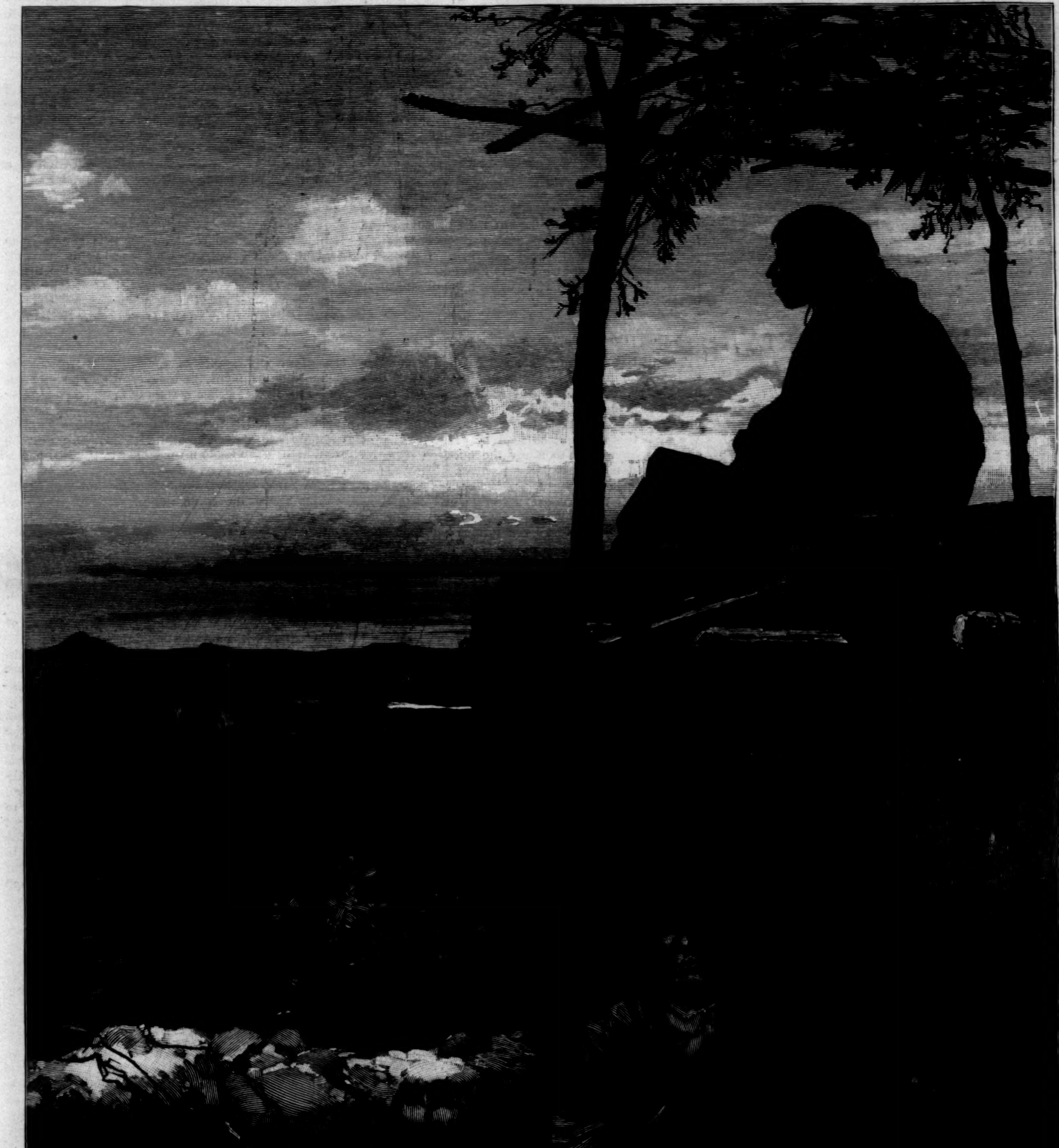

PUEBLO FARMERS WATCHING THEIR CROPS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 770.]

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PARTY HARMONY.

WHILE Mr. JOHN E. RUSSELL, the president of the Massachusetts Democratic Convention, was saying that it was not likely the intelligence of the Speaker and of Mr. MCKINLEY would allow the reciprocity amendment to emerge from the Conference Committee upon the tariff, the committee was adopting it. Mr. RUSSELL miscalculated the situation. A defiance of Mr. BLAINE, or an open breach with him, would be a great blunder in party tactics. The sudden appearance of Mr. BLAINE demanding reciprocity, and the plain statement that he had been unable to affect the opinion of the Committee on Ways and Means, was an announcement not only that Mr. BLAINE did not approve the MCKINLEY bill without serious differences of opinion, but that he was perfectly willing that his difference of opinion should be known. His speech in Maine traversing the general principle of the bill, and as carefully forbearing to mention the Speaker, whose political fortunes were at stake, as Mr. EDMUNDS was careful not to mention Mr. BLAINE in his exceedingly crisp campaign speech in 1884, was, in effect, a declaration that he should not budge from his position.

This situation threatened, as we said some time ago, a serious rupture if not breach in the party. Mr. BLAINE, who has a large and devoted following, and whose views are evidently very acceptable to the general party sentiment, was altogether too important a personage to be dealt with cavalierly. An open breach must be avoided at all hazards. Agreement, or apparent agreement, must be sought by introducing Mr. BLAINE's proposition in some way into Mr. MCKINLEY's tariff, and declaring that there was no essential difference of view. Mr. BLAINE had his eye on the farmers, and his view undoubtedly was that they would think that by the amendment we made the fairest bid for the foreign market. Then, if we did not get it, we had at least done our best. If, however, the party refused, by rejecting the amendment, even to make an offer for the foreign market, what would the farmer say? This question naturally stimulated the disposition to include reciprocity in some form in the tariff, and thus win the farmer and placate Mr. BLAINE. The Maine election confirmed this disposition by disclosing great party enthusiasm, which it would be the height of folly to disturb by snubbing Mr. BLAINE. This situation and the virtual Republican unanimity in the Senate upon the reciprocity amendment made its adoption by the committee almost certain. The Speaker, indeed, who is the House, has expressed, according to the reports, his contempt for reciprocity. But he doubtless thinks that the amendment will amount practically to nothing, and if a tub to the whale will conciliate Mr. BLAINE and his friends, he will acquiesce.

The open breach will be avoided; but that the wound will be healed—in other words, that the men from Maine will become Siamese twins—probably nobody supposes. Mr. BLAINE's prompt and successive and uncompromising demands for reciprocity, with his plain condemnation of the restrictive character of the MCKINLEY tariff, and the evident hostility between him and the Speaker, do not promise fair weather. The feud between Mr. BLAINE and Mr. CONKLING showed the Secretary's ability in the conduct of such differences. But that difference was wholly personal. This is much graver because it involves the real principle of the party policy in protection. The party, however, will unquestionably hang together, because its prospects of continued ascendency undoubtedly seem to it much too flattering to be endangered if quarrels can be stifled. But discussion within the party will be exceedingly hot. Mr. BLAINE will not be passively superseded in his primacy, and Mr. PLUMB's plain words, not his vote, probably express the party opinion in Kansas as nearly as he can estimate it. As we said last week, it seems probable that the Republican plan of campaign will be carried out. Republican dissatisfaction with details of the tariff there will be, and Republican grumblings at the election bill. But the tone of the speech of Mr. GREENHALGE, as president of the Massachusetts Republican Convention, and its enthusiastic reception, show the spirit of the party. The Republican majority in the House of Representatives is so small that dissatisfaction with its course and local and personal reasons may perhaps change the party majority for the next Congress. But such a change in the second Congress of an administration, unless it is very emphatic, as in 1882, is not indicative of serious party disaster.

"THE SOUTH'S THIRD ESTATE."

THERE has been no more careful and suggestive treatment of the whole Southern question than that of the Rev. A. D. MAYO, in a paper called "The South's Third Estate," which was read at the late meeting of the Social Science Association at Saratoga. We wish that it might be read by every intelligent citizen who wishes to study the question upon its merits, and not for a party purpose. The misfortune of the Southern situation is that it is treated almost universally as a party question, and distortion, falsehood, crimination, and recrimination naturally follow. Mr. MAYO has lived for the larger part of ten years successively in all parts of the sixteen old slave States. He has been engaged in promoting education, and his intelligence, sagacity, sympathy, good sense, his profound interest in the question, and his singular freedom from sectional or political bias, equip him remarkably as an observer. He is by birth a New-Englander, an old antislavery man, and a thorough American in the best sense. His sincere sympathy with the people in the Southern States gives him an insight which nothing else can supply, and his views are in general those of a wise and generous statesmanship, although he is a resolute champion of the educational bill.

The "third estate" is the white non-slave-holding population, of whom there were 6,000,000 in 1860. The slave-holding class was not probably half a million, but it was the absolute ruler. That class, however, has lost its ascendency, and the great middle class is now rising into control, and upon its character and action the fate of the Southern part of the country depends. Mr. MAYO's sketch of the old slave-holding class and its political supremacy in the country is detailed and admirable. It is to this class also, in his judgment, that all of the order and law and the advance in the Southern States since the war is due, but it is not the obstacle to the progress of the negro, who has been treated by it, Mr. MAYO says, with a patience and personal sacrifice that only a constant observer can appreciate. But the larger new class is now rising. The Farmers' Alliance is but a name for its appearance. For a time this rising will subordinate the negro question, and

> "certain it is that the attempt to lift the negro citizenship of the South out of its natural place—the rear column of its civilization—will be a stupendous blunder....To suppose that eight millions of citizens in the condition of our Southern negroes, twenty-five years out of personal slavery, can by any device be wrenched from their present position and shot ahead of the twelve millions of plain white people who have been on the ground for two hundred years, and must become the dominant power of the South for generations to come, is only to indulge in the dream of an enthusiast."

The man who says this is a New England antislavery man, and he says only what every intelligent American feels to be true. The third estate of the South is of the same mixed source—from a dozen vigorous stocks—with the similar class in the Northern States, but far more homogeneous. But the marvellous development of the mining regions, says Mr. MAYO, is not an illustration of the mass of the rural parts of the South, as the WEEKLY has stated. There are, indeed, more people at work, the division of farms has stimulated production, and there is some appearance of skilled agriculture. But "the lien system," by which the town merchant practically owns the land and enslaves the occupant, is a curse to the country-side. There are whole districts in the Southern States where the standard of life is below anything known at the North, except among the lowest class of foreigners. All the higher agencies of civilization are lacking. Probably not a hundred cities of five thousand people now have a free library or a good circulating library accessible to the white population. Mr. MAYO, after a full statement of the situation, asks what can be done. First, we must understand that these people do not belong to the old ruling class, and are not committed to the old "Southern ideas." Second, they are quite capable of comprehending that the welfare of an American State lies in the practical recognition of equal rights. Third, they have a great desire of education. Thus sympathetically co-operating, we must aid in every public and private way every form of education, industrial and other. By education, besides the essential schooling of every kind, Mr. MAYO means also every kind of generous appreciation and influence, the repression of the old sectional feeling that naturally sprang from slavery, the subordination of mere party spirit to a sincere patriotism, and the cultivation of the feeling of good neighborhood which distinguishes truly enlightened communities. The paper is long, and we have seen it in full only in the Boston *Advertiser*. But its general diffusion as a tract would be a public service.

IRELAND AGAIN.

ENGLISH political common-sense is generally so evident, and Mr. BALFOUR has seemed so distinctively a cool and courageous Englishman, that the arrest of Messrs. O'BRIEN and DILLON will necessarily seem to many persons to have some other significance than the apparent one. The two Irish leaders have probably violated the Crimes Act in inciting tenants not to pay rent. If their arrest should be followed by that of all similar offenders, and by general conviction and punishment, the incident would be intelligible as the first step in a system of more active repression of the agitation. But even were that so, the incident would still be surprising, because English common-sense must assure Mr. BALFOUR that he would still have made no progress in the real pacification of the country. Indeed, if he were to send an army into Ireland, and hold the country as CORNWALLIS held it, he could not persuade himself that he had given it peace or settled the question. This course has been often tried before, and everybody knows with what result. The lapse of time only gives weight to Mr. GLADSTONE's remark when he entered upon his Irish campaign, that every course except the right one had been tried, and tried often, and tried in vain.

The answer which is returned to this remark of Mr. GLADSTONE is substantially that the Irish have no real grievance. But the reply to that, which British common-sense ought to heed, is that they think they have. More than a hundred years ago Parliament remitted taxes on the American colonies. Apparently the grievance had disappeared, but it had not, and why? Because Parliament still asserted the right to tax. Within a few years the assertion has been revived as an academic question, and the case gravely argued. But the colonial story is certainly suggestive. If a people believes that it is wronged, that belief is the vital point for statesmanship to consider. If Messrs. O'BRIEN and DILLON are sent into penal servitude, they will become martyrs in the Irish mind, and the pledge of loyalty to the cause in which they suffer will be ardently renewed. O'BRIEN himself said, in reply to a question whether he and DILLON had been arrested to prevent them from going to America, that if so, more than they could have done in America for their cause had been already done by Mr. BALFOUR in arresting them. Moreover, the scarcity of food in Ireland, which is said in some parts to threaten a famine, will but deepen sympathy with those who, in the public estimation, will be punished for trying to help the starving.

It is certain that the Irish question seems to be as far as ever from solution. The old penal laws, indeed, are gone. There has been frequent legislation to relieve the situation of the tenants. It is alleged that not only are there no oppressive laws remaining, but that the Irish tenant is more favored and has less actual cause of complaint than any laboring-man in Europe. The more this view is emphasized and established, the more impressive is the fact of the Irish excitement, discontent, and agitation. They have commanded public attention in England before, but never before have they shaken parties to pieces and divided England so angrily as within the last six years. Is this fact of no meaning? Is it the necessary conclusion from it that the Irish are a hopelessly ruined and irreclaimable people, whom neither justice nor reason can affect, and who must be regarded as simply "cussed," while England is long-suffering, just, generous, and sympathetic, bent only upon the benign administration of equal laws? Is that the alternative which Mr. BALFOUR wishes to present to the world?

HORACE GREELEY.

In almost all the friendly comments of the press which followed the recent unveiling of the statue of Horace Greeley, the word "kindly" occurred. He was a kindly man, or his face or his manner was described as kindly, and certainly no word better befitted the tone and spirit of the comments than kindly. Unquestionably it expresses the feeling with which he was regarded and is remembered. It was a feeling greatly intensified by the circumstances of his death, and the imposing spectacle of his funeral was a touching expression of public sympathy.

No Presidential campaign was ever so sad as that of 1872, and Mr. Greeley's death immediately afterward was its tragical close. Happily time has softened the asperities of that hot and angry contest, and only the tenderness and honesty, the great ability and simplicity, and the illustrious service of "our later Franklin" in the crucial epoch of our history, are now to be recalled. It is always difficult to measure equitably the comparative services of leaders in a great cause, and some estimates made by Mr. Depew in his sympathetic address at the unveiling of the statue might be challenged.

But when all exceptions are made, and all weaknesses, follies, faults, mistakes, and shortcomings are allowed, undoubtedly Horace Greeley remains the most prominent and characteristic figure among American editors. The great journal that he founded and stamped with his genius was well named the *Tribune*, for he was himself essentially a tribune of the people. He spoke daily to a hundred thousand intelligent hearers for the popular American conscience, character, and impulse, with a trenchant force and a transparent sincerity which produced throughout the free States a personal affection and confidence before unknown between newspaper editor and reader. The value of his work and of his character combined, at the time and in the place of his chief activity, can hardly be exaggerated. At the very moment when New York permitted Isaiah Rynders to mob the abolitionists, Horace Greeley was abolitionizing New York. In the great mart of trade, timid, short-sighted, impatient of agitation, sunken in the stupor of commercial conservatism, Horace Greeley was as bold and defiant and prophetic a figure as Charles Sumner in the slavery-ridden Senate of the United States. He deserves his statue, and New York will be safe so long as its lesson is heeded.

COMEDY IN POLITICS.

The heat and aridity of party controversy have been recently greatly cheered by an address of "the Maryland State Republican Association of the District" of Columbia to Mr. Clarkson, the retiring Assistant Postmaster-General. The Honorable A. Worth Spates, of Baltimore, made the speech, premising that "nothing but the deepest possible interest in the cause of which you [Mr. Clarkson] are such a prominent exponent"—to wit, the violation of the pledges of his party—could have induced him to come.

The Honorable Mr. Spates then proceeded to describe the most solemn pledge of his party as intended "to cheat" the other party. He denounced civil service reform as "the greatest sham of this age of shams," and also as "the monumental fraud of the age," also "an infamy," and "an error" which "antagonizes our system of government." With increasing zeal he derided its advocates, consequently the members of the Republican National Convention, as "Anglomaniacs, political dudes, and men-milliners of our time," finally fervently thanking Mr. Clarkson that he had "dared to do right" in despising and violating the pledge of his party.

The association for which the Honorable Mr. Spates spoke is, we believe, a body of office-holders. The infamy which it praises Mr. Clarkson for opposing is the reform which the Republican Convention pledged itself to extend in every practicable way as a barrier against a confessed evil which Mr. Webster said will change the character of the government if not arrested. The comedy culminated when, in response to the glowing tribute to Mr. Clarkson as a champion of honest government because he deliberately broke the solemn promise of his party, that gentleman said that he was in favor of a civil service reform which would give all the offices to the victorious party. No more comic touch was possible, and the company separated.

A REMARKABLE SPEECH.

A very remarkable speech was recently made by Mr. Montgomery, a colored delegate, in the Constitutional Convention of Mississippi. If the man is to be judged by the speech, and it is not a "put up" speech, he is evidently the most remarkable man of his race who has appeared since the war. If the fact is as it seems to be, and, while fully appreciating the fate and suffering and service of his people, and the unspeakable wrong which has been done to them, he is yet able to take the view which he declares in words which even in the poor abstract of a report are eloquent, Mr. Montgomery's name will be written high among those of wise and patriotic Americans.

In his speech he said that he had already stated to his constituents before coming to the Convention that to deal successfully with the fundamental problem of suffrage the Convention must restrict the franchise by qualifications which would reduce the negro vote considerably below the white vote of the State. He referred to the loyalty of the colored race to the white race during the war:

> "It is but justice to my race that I should recall these affecting memories upon this floor to-day. My mission here is to bridge a chasm that has been widening and deepening for a generation; to divert a maelstrom that threatens destruction to you and yours, while it promises no enduring prosperity to me and mine. The fortunes of war tore asunder our relations as they had existed in a greater or less degree for two centuries. The master and the slave of yesterday met to-day upon the plane of equality, possessed of the same rights and privileges under the common law of the land. Your proud nature rebelled and you turned from the scene in disgust. At this juncture an alien appeared, and claimed the confidence which a people of our condition at that time must need to place in some superior guiding hand. The alien sought and obtained our confidence, but not our affections. That, Mr. President, must remain with you and yours till the memories and traditions of former generations shall become obliterated. We are well aware that our race has not yet attained the high plane of moral, intellectual, and political excellence common to yours, but it is our privilege to press onward and upward. It is the lack of confidence in any adjustment of our political economy proposed by you that keeps up the race solidity. Without a restoration of confidence, I can see no solution of this great problem."

He then advocated the adoption of the report of the Franchise Committee, which proposes an educational qualification practically disfranchising 124,334 negro voters and 11,389 white voters, leaving a net white majority of 40,451. Many of the disfranchised he knew personally as brave and true men.

> "I wish to say to my people we have not taken away your high privilege, but only lifted it to a higher plane, and exalted the station of the great American birthright. It is due to us that there should be some expression on the part of this great body indicating that the price is correct; that the contract is ratified and accepted; that the race problem shall become a thing of the past, and not vex and alarm the public; that the two great races shall peacefully travel side by side, mutually assisting each other to mount higher and higher in the scale of human progress."

Whether his people would consent to their own disfranchisement, which would be extensive, although the change would not take effect until 1896, is a question. It would be an act of devotion which can be hardly anticipated. The consent of such voters upon such ground would be one of the most extraordinary acts in political history.

THE NEXT ELECTORAL VOTE.

The Springfield *Republican* makes an interesting calculation of the next electoral vote. If the Dunnell bill, allotting one Representative to every 180,000 persons, should be adopted, the whole number of electoral votes would be 442, of which 222 would be necessary for an election. Estimating New York, Indiana, Connecticut, and West Virginia as doubtful States, and assuming the other States to vote as in 1888, the Republican vote would be 218, and the Democratic vote 161, and the doubtful vote 63. The doubtful vote would be divided thus: New York, 36; Indiana, 15; Connecticut, 6; and West Virginia, 6.

By this showing the Republicans would win with any one of the doubtful States, while the Democrats would require all of them. The advantage of position is manifestly with the Republicans. But the *Republican* considers public opinion to be politically unsettled. Since 1888 Iowa has elected a Democratic Governor for the first time in nearly forty years, and Rhode Island may be almost called a doubtful State. Montana is not sure for either side, and the Western agricultural feeling about the tariff, the *Republican* thinks, may seriously affect the electoral vote in '92.

But the Republican game to secure the future has been very skilfully played, from the summary proceedings in the disputed election cases at the organization of Congress to the admission of the new States and the peremptory passage of the tariff bill. Idaho has a population of 84,000, including Chinese and Indians—nearly a hundred thousand less than the Dunnell basis of representation. The State, according to Mr. John E. Russell, casts fewer votes than the city of Worcester, in Massachusetts. But she will have one member of the House and two Senators and three electoral votes. Idaho and Nevada together will have two Representatives and four Senators. Yet they have not population enough for a Congressional district in other parts of the country. It cannot be denied that the game has been as skilfully played by the Republicans as it would have been by the Democrats under the same circumstances.

SOUTH AMERICA
IN "HARPER'S MAGAZINE."

The series of papers upon South America by Theodore Child which began in the September number of Harper's Magazine will be found well worthy attention. The topic was never more timely. The Pan-American Congress and the discussions of reciprocity have turned public attention southward only to discover that there is a great want of that accurate information in regard to the present condition of the country, its industrial, political, commercial, educational, and social situation, which it is the purpose of these papers to supply. General interest in the subject was greatly quickened by the admirable impression made by the South-American contributions to the Exhibition at Paris last year.

Mr. Child is one of the alert and shrewd cosmopolitan observers who take account of general characteristics and details, who adapt themselves readily to new circumstances, and whose vivacious and graphic pens record with singular fidelity both facts and impressions. He has the educated intelligence, the experience, and the cheerful temperament of a good traveller, and whoever crosses the Andes with him in the September number will be very sure to continue the journey with so entertaining and instructive a fellow-traveller.

The papers will answer the natural inquiries of those who are contemplating emigration to that part of the world, by telling the truth upon the most important points, and reducing to plain prose the poetry of the circulars of companies and agents. The survey of the resources, the development, and prospects of the various countries is made with entire impartiality, and the reader will feel that he has almost a personal impression upon these subjects. Mr. Child's journey is through the five Spanish-American republics, and in view of the great audience which he addresses in the Magazine, he will have done much to introduce North and South America to a closer and happier acquaintance.

SAVING THE TREES.

Garden and Forest has warmly advocated saving the last grove of giant sequoias, "the big trees," in Tulare County, California, and both houses of Congress have passed unanimously a bill setting apart the grove forever as a public park. The act secures also the springs of streams that flow through the park, and provides for the preservation of the timber and natural objects, for the protection of the fish and game, and for the maintenance of the park in its natural condition.

Garden and Forest now asks why a similar reservation should not be made of a tract of the redwood forest in the Coast Range. The trees are so valuable that they are rapidly falling under the axe, and trees almost as interesting as the big trees, and even more beautiful, will disappear. It hopes, also, that the committees will report the Yosemite Park Bill, and undoubtedly in reserving these noble tracts from destruction Congress might be sure of universal public approval.

The public interest in forestry, which has been faithfully and forcibly fostered by *Garden and Forest*, has arisen happily in time to save much that ought to be saved, but could be saved only by a strong expression of opinion. The great beauty and the universal enjoyment of the parks which have been laid out within recent years have shown what an immense benefit and delight a little forethought may secure to our children. The reservation of Niagara, in New York, and the earnest struggle for the Adirondack forest, are fruits of the spirit which has been awakened, and whether the parks are vast tracts in the wilderness or breathing spaces in the city, the feeling which reserves them, and which in turn they develop and encourage, is a source of the purest public pleasure.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Siegbert Tarrasch, the winner of the recent international chess tournament at Manchester, England, and by virtue of his victory chess champion of the world, is a German physician but twenty-eight years old. He was born at Breslau, the home of a number of famous chess-players, and began playing when a college student sixteen years old. From the start he made a scientific study of the game, and now he is regarded as the leading representative of the modern German school, whose maxims are, "Risk nothing, always keep a draw in hand, and win if you can." Playing in various public tournaments since 1881, he has met the chess experts of the world, and won a wide reputation by his profound understanding of the game. At Manchester he defeated such veterans as Blackburne, Bird, and Mackenzie, some of whom have played for a longer time than Dr. Tarrasch has lived.

—Sister Rose Gertrude, who left her home in England not long ago to work among the lepers of Molokai, in the Sandwich Islands, has deserted the station, as she is displeased with its management.

—Professor Tyndall, whose love for the Alps has been a prominent characteristic of his life, recently celebrated his seventieth birthday at his Swiss chalet, high up among the glaciers. He is still an enthusiastic mountain-climber.

—Among those who were killed in the recent accident on the Reading railroad was George R Kaercher, of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, who won prominence in 1874–5, while District Attorney of Schuylkill County, by his vigorous execution of the election and criminal laws. Later he was conspicuous in the prosecution of the Molly Maguires.

—Miss Mary Cleary Duncreux, President of the New York Screw Manufactory, has such a practical knowledge of her business as only seventeen years as a working mechanic can give her. She thinks that girls would make just as good mechanics as boys, if they would only submit to the training.

—Victor Emanuel, the heir-apparent to the crown of Italy, assumed a fictitious title while travelling in Russia and Germany not long ago. The title happened to belong by heredity to an impecunious Italian, who has now sued the Prince for compensation for its use.

—United States Senator Dixon, of Rhode Island, has a remarkable memory, and, among other feats, can call the roll of the Senate backward or forward without making an error. He also carries the list of pairs in his head, and remembers so well the general status of the Senate's business that he frequently becomes a convenient book of reference for his associates.

—Bayard Taylor's beautiful home at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, known as Cedarcroft, has been sold to Dr. Levis, a prominent physician of Chester County.

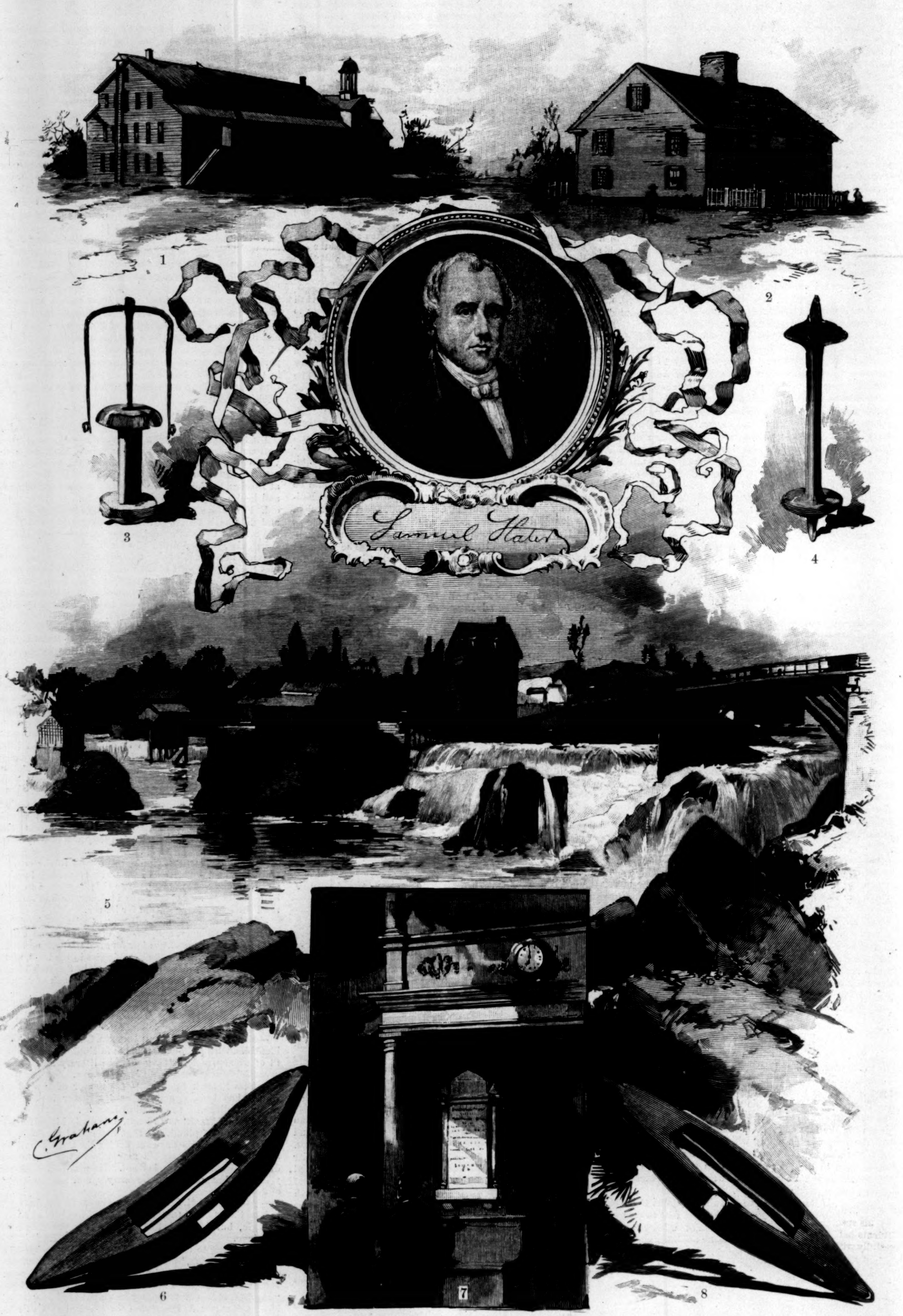
—Miss Lydia Ernestine Becker, for twenty-five years identified with public movements in England for the benefit of women, and a woman of rare literary and scientific accomplishment, died recently at Geneva.

—Miss Elinor Buckingham, a Senior of the Harvard Annex, has been appointed an instructor in the Royal Normal College for the Blind at London.

—Sheriff Chalmers L. Dick, who made himself a terror to the horde of plunderers that descended on Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in the days succeeding the Conemaugh flood, and is said to have shot a man who was trying to rob a drowned woman's body, is dead. He was only thirty-four years old, but was a leading lawyer, and had been Mayor of Johnstown.

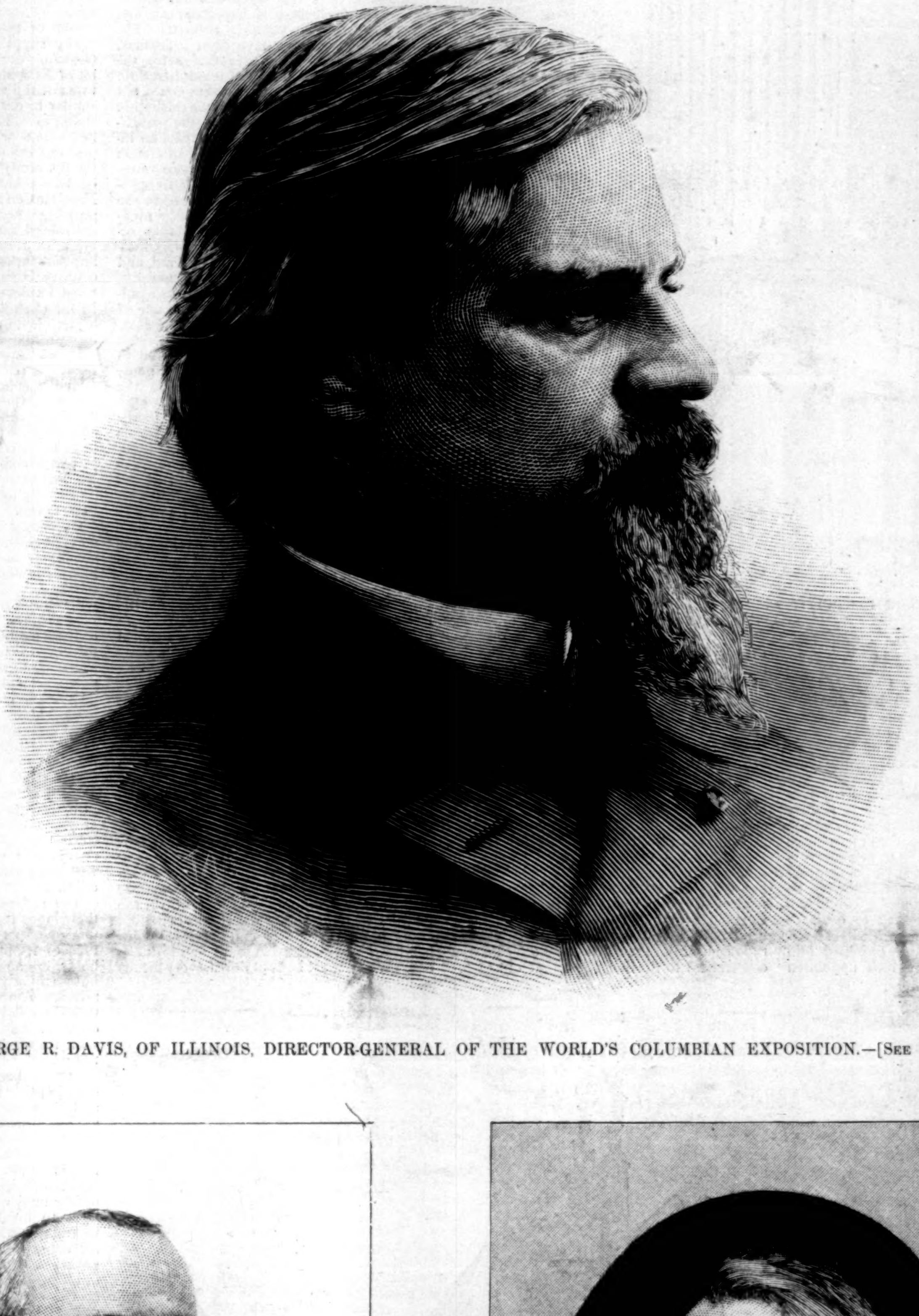
—Alexander H. Stephens was engaged for forty years to Miss Caroline Wilkinson, who died recently at Atlanta, Georgia, but Mr. Stephens's ill health prevented their marriage.

—Referring to the Supplement entitled "Spokane Falls and its Exposition," published with Harper's Weekly of September 6th, the Board of Directors of the Northwestern Industrial Exposition adopted the following resolution: "*Resolved*, that our Secretary be empowered to express to Messrs. Harper & Brothers the gratitude of this association for the exceedingly fine article and work so generously given through the columns of Harper's Weekly." To this the General Manager of the Exposition, Mr. C. W. Robinson, adds, "I beg to say that this whole section of the country feels under obligation to you for the very satisfactory work."

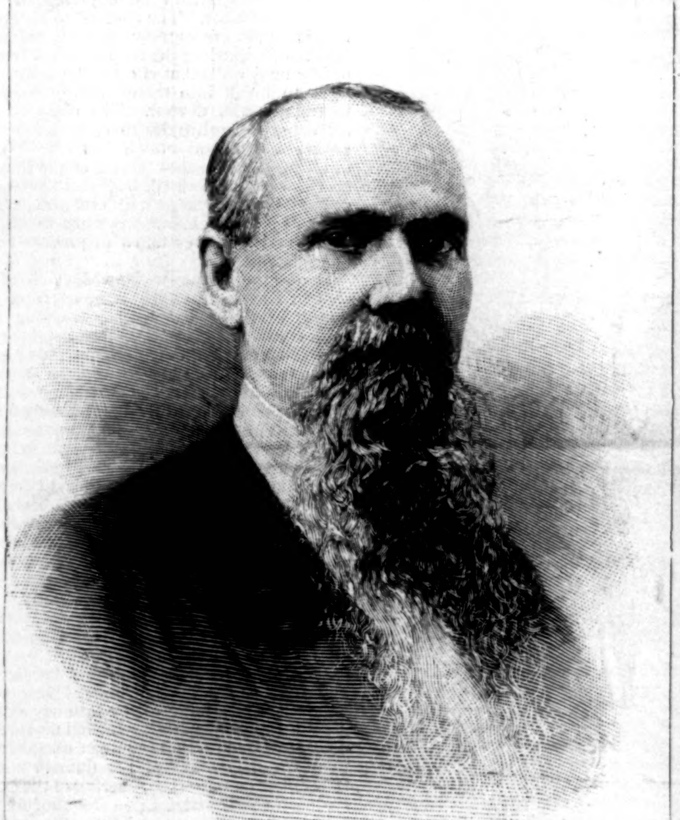


THE COTTON CENTENARY EXHIBITION AT PAWTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND.—FROM SKETCHES BY ARTHUR J. CLAPP.—[SEE PAGE 771.]

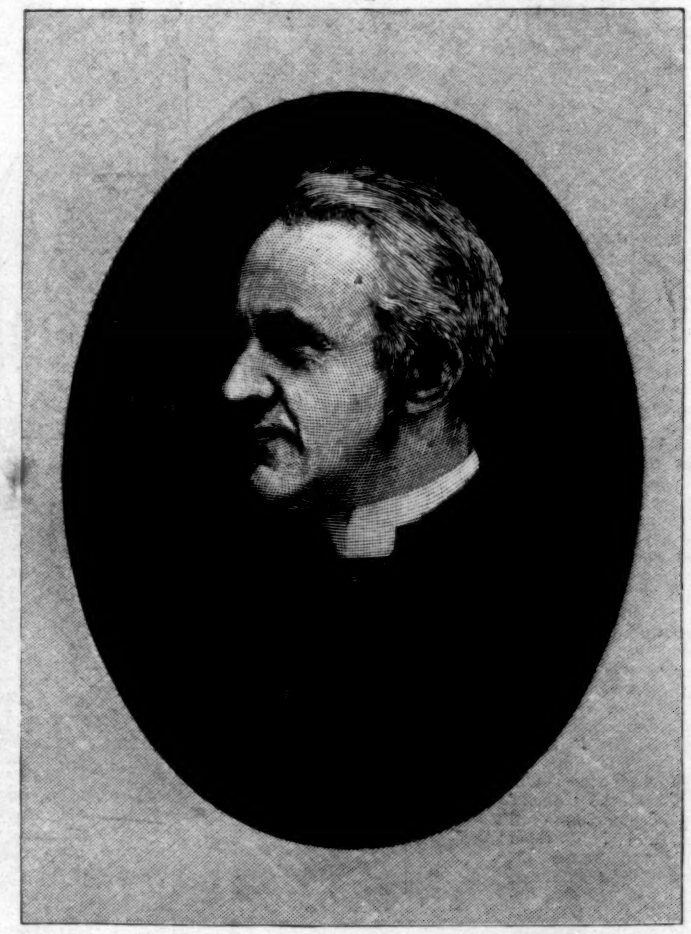
1. Samuel Slater's Mill. 2. House built and occupied by Samuel Slater. 3. Slater's First Method of winding Yarn. 4. Bobbin used on Slater's Original Spinning Frame. 5. Pawtucket Falls in 1815. 6. Twisted Wooden Shuttle used by Slater. 7. The Slater Memorial. 8. Wooden Shuttle used by Slater, Fifteen Inches long, fitted with Iron Wire.



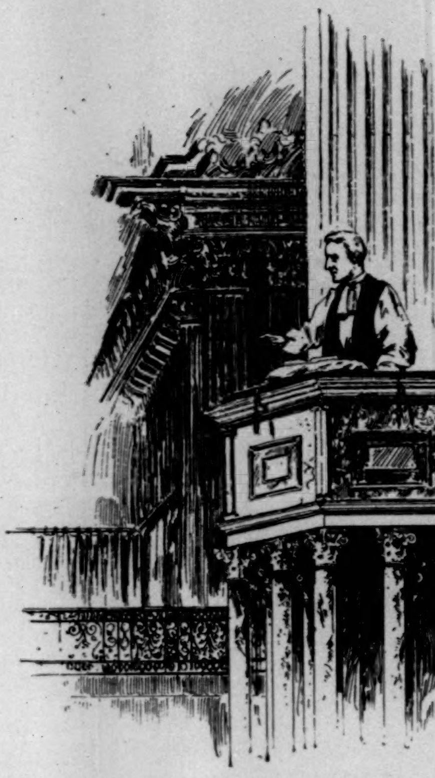
COLONEL GEORGE R. DAVIS, OF ILLINOIS, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—[SEE PAGE 779.]



HON. JAMES A. McKENZIE, OF KENTUCKY, CHIEF ASSISTANT OF THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—[SEE PAGE 779.]



THE LATE REV. HENRY PARRY LIDDON, D.D., CANON OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.
[SEE PAGE 770.]



CANON LIDDON IN HIS PULPIT AT ST. PAUL'S.

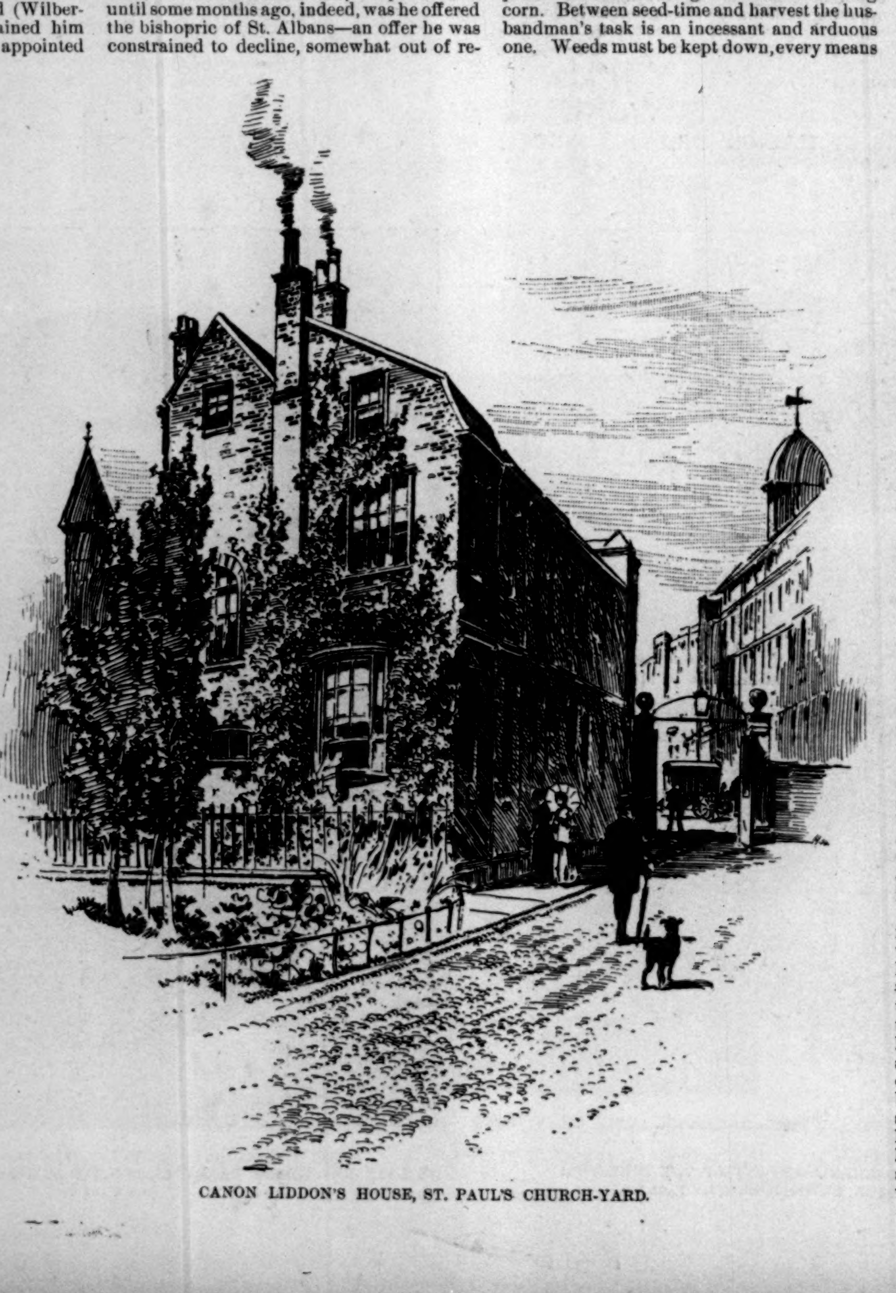
HENRY PARRY LIDDON.

By the death of Henry Parry Liddon, Canon of St. Paul's, which occurred at Weston-super-Mare on the forenoon of Tuesday, the 9th September, Anglican Christendom has lost its most eloquent preacher, and one of its most profound scholars, accurate thinkers, and courageous polemics. Extended as was his influence, his career was singularly free from vicissitude, and its history is readily told. The son of a physician at Taunton, he was born in that pleasant Somersetshire town in 1829, and was educated privately until he entered as a student at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1850. In the year following he was appointed Johnson Theological Scholar, and in 1852 was admitted to deacon's orders by the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce), who in the next year ordained him to the priesthood, and in 1854 appointed him Vice-Principal of Cuddeston Theological Seminary. In 1864 he was made prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral. In 1863, 1864, and 1865 he was elected preacher of his university, an honor again conferred on him in 1870, 1872, 1877, and 1879. His Oxford sermons gained for him universal recognition as the foremost academic preacher of his time, and were the foundation of what is destined to be an enduring pulpit fame. In 1870 Mr. Gladstone offered him a canonry of St. Paul's, and simultaneously with his acceptance, Oxford made him Ireland Professor of Scripture Exegesis. Since then the most renowned cathedral of Britain has been the scene of his triumphs, and its pulpit—which the earnestness of the devout Canon Gregory had lifted out of the atmosphere of formalism—has radiated the warmth and lustre of his eloquence to the ends of the earth.

In social life Canon Liddon was reserved, reticent, and almost timid among strangers, but the presence of those with whom he was intimate evoked the tenderness and warmth of his nature, and stirred into play the fountain of refreshing humor that had its spring in his heart. He was a brilliant story-teller, and had remarkable powers of dramatization. He was a coiner of apt epithets and a conjurer of comic situations, with keen zest for the ludicrous in real life. If too tired mentally to sleep when at Oxford, he roamed the "quad" with some companions until midnight, and kept them laughing by the hour at his innocuous drollery. A personal friend says, "This humor so flooded his talk that you could not imagine how he kept it out of his sermons to the extent he did." But his sense of fitness was as marked as his instincts, in which that sense originated, were analytic. Reverence was his dominant trait, hence time and place were constant factors in his thought. His pulpit was not "his throne," as certain ministers, who sadly need the grace of his humility, are wont to say, but his Master's footstool—a place where the servant should bow low, and speech, however bold, be suffused with veneration.

His chief intellectual gifts were a brilliant imagination and a keen discernment of principles and issues. Bible incidents were happenings in which he had a part. By-gone centuries became yesterdays at his will. No one who heard him could doubt that he had walked with the patriarchs and wept with the prophets, followed the Redeemer from Bethlehem to the cross, and descended into prison with Paul. It is this gospel realism that makes bright his pages; it was this gave vividness and energy to his spoken word. In outline he was always clear and decided, and in presentation of the truth at times almost painfully direct. He preached but once before the Queen, and gave offence, it was said, by addressing her personally, after the manner of the French bishops, and some English preachers of an earlier reign. Rumor averred that her Majesty always afterward opposed his preferment, but the rumor seems to have been authoritatively contradicted. It is certain, however, that his eminent claims were long neglected, while vastly inferior men were elevated over him to the episcopate. Not until some months ago, indeed, was he offered the bishopric of St. Albans—an offer he was constrained to decline, somewhat out of regard for his failing health, but mainly with the view of devoting attention—of which it demanded a large share—to the completion of a life of Dr. Pusey, toward whom his relations had been those of a spiritual son, and whose memory he tenderly revered. The declinature, too, may have been influenced by consciousness of greater fitness for the pulpit than for the duties of administration. The accuracy of such a judgment could not be questioned. Elevation to the bishopric is a doubtful promotion even to the preacher of moderate powers who occupies an influential pulpit. But in the case of Canon Liddon such a step would have been retrogression. He had risen while yet living—his contemporaries being the judges—to the splendid distinction of primate among nineteenth-century preachers, and had thus secured a place in that line of illustrious Christian teachers which begins with St. Paul, and includes Chrysostom, Augustine, Athanasius, Bernard of Clairvaux, and Bossuet. His pulpit ability was quite marvellous. Of one of his most recent sermons Mr. Gladstone said, "It rises to the very highest level of British eloquence." Of late years he preferred to preach from manuscript; but his sermons, usually over an hour in length, held the unflagging attention of the thousands who crowded the pews and aisles of old St. Paul's to hear him. A number of volumes of his sermons have been published; but his work on *The Divinity of our Lord* (Bampton Lectures for 1866), as the condensation of the research and thought of all the centuries on that subject, will remain his chief publication.

Dr. Liddon attended the funeral of the Earl of Carnarvon on the 3d of July. He caught cold, and an attack of gout in the head set in. He rallied, however, and was preparing for a trip to Switzerland. On the day he died he was seized with a fainting fit after breakfast, and expired before medical assistance could reach him.



CANON LIDDON'S HOUSE, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

WATCHING THE CROPS.

The members of civilized and artificially organized communities, who buy their food at markets, can gain from their own experience but little idea of the watchful and anxious interest attending the care of growing crops by those populations who must depend directly upon the product of their fields for subsistence. To the inhabitants of purely agricultural districts a loss of the annual harvest means deprivation, and perhaps hunger and famine; and naturally they have a constant realization of the fact that the welfare of their whole community is bound up in the promise of the heading wheat and tasselling corn. Between seed-time and harvest the husbandman's task is an incessant and arduous one. Weeds must be kept down, every means of diminishing the ill effects of drought or of over-moisture must be adopted, the danger from floods obviated as far as possible, and vigilant guard kept that marauders shall not deprive him of the reward of his labors.

One of these conditions requisite for security supplies the motive of Mr. Charles Graham's drawing depicting a characteristic bit of New Mexico life. The landscape features of the scene present an aspect not dissimilar to certain parts of Egypt, Syria, and Palestine. There is the same clear air, high lights, and wide desert spaces bounded by plateaus and sand hills, and winding through the flat sandy valley, a silver stretch of river, its banks bordered by occasional trees—in New Mexico sycamores and cotton-woods—growing singly and in clumps. The low, flat-roofed, thick-walled houses of sun-baked brick, of tints akin to the soil, add to this impression, and the Oriental aspect of the country is sustained in many of the structures, implements, and customs of its people. In the open fields are the threshing-floors of beaten clay, upon which sheep, goats, or asses trample the wheat from the straw, and the grain is afterward winnowed by the process of tossing it from blankets into the air; and in secluded communities the juice yet is trodden from the grape in rawhide tubs by the naked feet of men and women, and fermented into wine in great *ollas*, or earthen jars as large as barrels. In these by-places, oxen, as in patriarchal times, draw the wooden one-handled plough or creaking cumbrous wooden cart by means of yokes stretched across their horns.

On eminences overlooking the New Mexico valleys, within available distance of some stream or large spring, stand the singular-looking towns of the Pueblo Indians, in which the houses of the compact blocks are built with stories rising one above the other in terrace fashion. At some distance from each of these pueblos, on valley lands—located not too near the bottoms, where floods might ravage them—are the fields, orchards, and vineyards belonging to these quaint townsfolk. The main acequia, or irrigating canal, its banks hidden in places by drooping osier-willows, conveys water from the distant river along the hill-sides, up which to the inexperienced eye it seems actually to climb to the fields; there, by means of small ditches and embankments, it is distributed over the surface, transforming the barren reddish loam or gray sand into areas of inexhaustible fertility. The beauty of these oases of green fields, orchards, and vineyards, revealed in contrast with the boundless surrounding desert, is exceeding.

The Indians, for the most part, cultivate their lands in a communal way. Their system of apportionment of labor, and the return of its products to the separate households, is one little understood by outsiders, but seemingly perfectly satisfactory to themselves. Among this people, however, by time-honored custom, some families hold, each in its own right, a special tract, with its vines, fruit trees, and patches of tillage.

But in these Arcadian precincts, no less than in other rural communities in all places and times, the "foxes that destroy the vines" are not absent, and must be guarded against, lest the husbandman be deprived of the fruits of his labor. The enemies to his crops in this region are vagrant domestic animals, which, disregarding the trifling brush fences or low mud walls that enclose the fields, delight to break into these inviting confines to trample and devour. The birds of the air come in multitudes to carry away the grain and peck and scratch the fruit. Worst of all are the *ladrones*—thieves of the human species—who come with bags and baskets to despoil the vineyards and orchards. The visits of all these marauders must be anticipated, and measures taken to prevent their depredations.

Hence the visitor to New Mexico often sees in the midst of fields, apart from the houses of the Indian towns, watching stations standing in situations that command a complete view and easy access to every part of the tract. From these stations a sentinel guards the crops from the beginning of their time of ripening until the harvest season has ended. These structures sometimes are scaffolds upon which is a shelter, but usually they consist of an adobe house of one room, upon the flat roof of which upright forked poles support an awning of leafy branches that protect the watcher from the sun. Such outposts form a picturesque feature of these ancient fields, some of which tracts have been under constant cultivation for hundreds of years, their soil, enriched annually with the deposit from the muddy water turned over them in the process of irrigation, showing no signs of impoverishment.

The house stations commonly belong to individual Indians having lands of their own, who at the beginning of the farming season leave their homes in the town, and move with their families into these summer abodes, and there dwell in sight of the domain which they cultivate until the gathering of the crops has been completed. Upon the roof of the station shown in the picture, the Indian crouching, wrapped in his coarse wide-barred blanket, has just taken his place to serve as sentinel over the productive vineyard before him. Crouched motionless, his gun at hand—which he will not be slow to use on any human trespasser—his watchful eye surveys the tract that he has to guard, and notes everything that moves in the broad expanse beyond, while the Indian whom he has relieved takes his departure. Through day and night these patient watchers attend the growth and ripening in their order of the wheat and barley, the beans, melons, squashes, Chili peppers, and the apricots, peaches, apples, and grapes, until all of these products have been harvested. With the husking of the Indian corn, the last crop to be gathered—a work performed amid laughter and merry-making by all the people of the village—there comes the harvest feast, the time of the greatest rejoicing of the year.

To this lonely watcher upon the house-top what thoughts may come during his long vigils of the past glories of his race, the history of which as a civilized people stretches back into the mists of American mythology! What stirring of hereditary impulses, what satisfaction to the soul may he feel during his long watches, the instinctive aptitude for which has become part of his being through his descent from ancestors that so guarded their fields in the days of the Toltec and Aztec migrations southward through New Mexico to the vale of Anahuac! Does he brood over the dark story of the wrongs to his race perpetrated by the victorious mail-clad Spaniards that in past centuries conquered and so long oppressed his people; whose black-robed priests imposed upon them a religious observance alien to the glowing sun-worship of his forefathers? No one outside the councils of the tribe can fathom the thoughts and deeper feelings of this reserved and mysterious people, educated under sorrows into the policy of a profound secretiveness. Who can tell what superstitious meaning he attaches to the wonderful highway, the existence of which is denoted by the distant scream of the railway locomotive dashing past his pueblo over the rails that have bound the country in bands of iron? To his simple mind what voice of spirit powers passes along the wires that carry the lightning messages from city to city across the space that comprises all the world he knows?

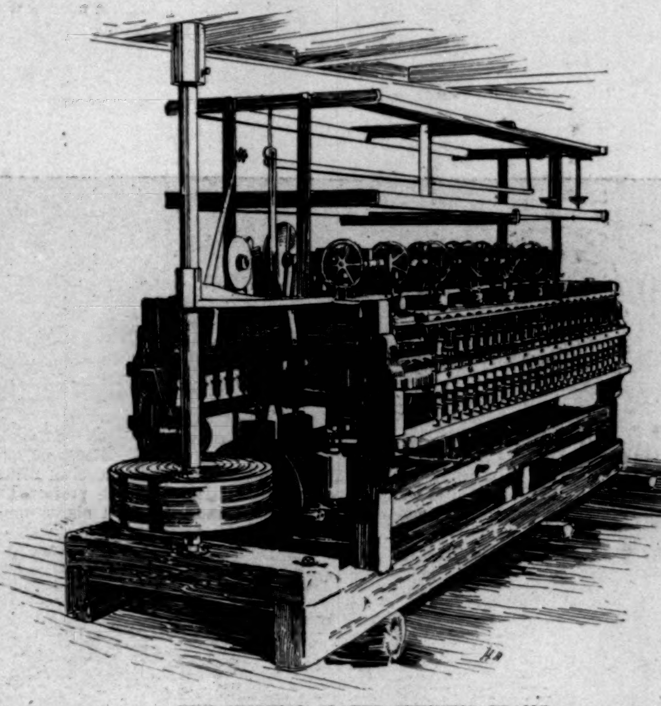
But this he realizes, that the years have seen the power of his Spanish oppressors fade and fall to naught in his land, and have restored to his people a freedom as great as ever they enjoyed in the best of the old days. Within the tract, usually four square leagues, in which each pueblo stands, the inhabitants have virtually the control of their own affairs, independent of any other authority, and in his city there are enjoyed greater municipal privileges than are possessed by the citizens of any other civilized community on earth. After the days of the Inquisition the Pueblo Indians possessed, even under Spanish and Mexican rule, a great measure of independence and liberty. The coming of the English-speaking race from Eastern regions unknown to his simple geography brought him no menace, but rather greater safety, for they confirmed his old Spanish charters of domain, and secured him the undisturbed possession of his lands.

But the race is a dying race, which has nearly lived out its time, and slowly and not unhappily is passing away. The 9200 inhabitants of the pueblos in New Mexico of ten years ago are shown by the present census to be only 8278, and this decrease has taken place without the occurrence of any unusual epidemic among the tribes and without war. Unassimilating with the whites, except in the way of hospitable usage and friendly business intercourse, holding to the last their proud seclusion, city after city, like Pecos and Cuyamonge, will gradually become empty of their inhabitants, until of their habitations none shall be left, and heaps of adobe ruins and shattered walls alone remain to mark the long history of this most picturesque and interesting people.

THE PAWTUCKET COTTON CENTENARY.

"The old Slater Mill" at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, marks the birthplace of the cotton industry in this country, and the beginnings of a manufacturing enterprise which were destined to work such marvellous results in the industrial and social future of America. There it was, just a century ago, that Samuel Slater first successfully manufactured cotton by modern methods. At that time manufacturing was in its infancy in this country; the United States, which had just adopted the Federal Constitution, was an agricultural and commercial nation. The country was dependent on foreign producers for manufactures, and the high prices paid for these goods made the establishment of domestic manufactories a growing necessity. Gigantic strides have been made in cotton manufacture since that day. Slater started 72 spindles. To-day the Rhode Island mills can count nearly 3,000,000, and there are over 14,000,000 spindles at work throughout the country.

Other attempts had been made to secure the spinning machinery which had come into use in England, but insuperable difficulties stood in the way during the thirty years that ended with 1790. Great Britain was the chief manufacturing nation of the Old World, and jealously guarded her arts. Parliament took a decided stand against the exportation of textile machinery, which it was evident to them the colonies were anxious to secure. One statute interdicted the exportation of "any machine, engine, tool, or press....which now is or hereafter may be used in the woollen, cotton, or silk manufacture." Any person "who packs or puts on board any vessel for exportation a machine, or any plan or model of such machinery, shall not only forfeit it and all goods packed with it, but be fined £200, and suffer imprisonment for a year." A still severer statute was passed in 1782. Many attempts were made to run the gauntlet, but unsuccessfully. In 1786 a complete set of models, in brass, of Arkwright's roller-spinning machinery was made in England, and packed to be shipped to Philadelphia, but was seized the very day before shipment. In this same year the Legislature of Massachusetts offered encouragement for the introduction of machinery for carding, roping, and spinning by granting to two mechanics from Scotland—Alexander and Robert Barr—the sum of £200 to enable them to complete a roping machine, and also "to construct such other machines as are necessary for the carding, roping, and spinning of sheep's wool as well as of cotton wool." The machinery constructed by them was the first in this country which included the Arkwright devices. The first factory, however, in America expressly for the manufacture of cotton goods, and embodying the principles of Arkwright's inventions, was erected at Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1787. The factory was driven by horse-power, and was in operation a few years. The machinery was very imperfect, however, and no success attended the enterprise. Other attempts were made in the same direction about this time.



THE ORIGINAL SLATER SPINNING FRAME.

In 1788 there was a company in Providence, Rhode Island, engaged in the manufacture of "homespun cloth," made by machinery constructed after English models and plans. This enterprise as well gave no satisfactory results. The spinning frame in this, as in all other factories previous to 1790, differed little from a common jenny, and was worked at first by a crank turned by the hand. All attempts to introduce the spinning known as water-frame spinning, or Arkwright's methods, had thus far failed. The introduction of this was reserved for Samuel Slater, who was at this time a young man of twenty-one, serving his apprenticeship in England under Jedediah Strutt, a manufacturer of cotton machinery near Belper, in Derbyshire, and for several years a partner of Sir Richard Arkwright in the cotton-spinning business. Necessarily his position enabled him to gain a thorough knowledge of all the details of cotton manufacture, and of the special machine to spin cotton yarn which was so greatly coveted in this country. In 1789 Congress passed its first act for the encouragement of manufactures, and various States were offering bounties for the production of cotton machinery. It was toward the end of his apprenticeship, or late in the year 1789, when young Slater, who was beginning to think of how he would use the knowledge he had thus gained, saw, by some fortunate chance, an advertisement in which was offered, by the State of Pennsylvania, a reward of £1000 to any one who would start the industry of cotton-spinning in that State. This offer determined him to emigrate to this country As the laws of England did not admit of the emigration of any machinists, Slater's idea was to come to this country without drawing or model, and build the Arkwright spinning-machine entirely from memory. He spent the remaining months of his apprenticeship in carefully studying and familiarizing himself with the details of the machine he intended to copy. He left England almost by stealth, and, arriving in New York after a passage of 66 days, he made himself known by his indenture, having no letters of introduction, and soon made a temporary engagement with the New York Manufacturing Company. But not feeling satisfied with their prospects or water privilege, he went to Providence, Rhode Island, having heard that certain business men there were trying to manufacture cotton yarn by some very crude machinery invented by Daniel Jackson in 1786. He had had some previous correspondence with the old Quaker Moses Brown (one of the founders of Brown University), who was at that time among the richest men in Rhode Island. "A few days ago," he wrote, "I was informed that you wanted a manager of cotton-spinning, in which business I flatter myself that I can give the greatest satisfaction in making machinery, and in making as good yarn, either for stockings or twist, as any that is made in England"; and he had a reply from Mr. Brown: "If thou canst do this thing, I invite thee to come to Rhode Island, and have the credit and profit of introducing cotton manufacture into America." The firm of Brown & Almy had some crude unworkable machinery that had never given satisfactory results. It was evidently seen that young Slater was just the man wanted. He examined their machines, pronounced them utterly valueless, and guaranteed to construct and operate new machines, built after the Arkwright plans. "If I do not," said he, "make as good yarn as they do in England, I will have nothing for my services, but will throw the whole of what I have attempted over the bridge."

The shrewd old man decided to have him try, and formed a partnership between Slater, William Almy, and Smith Brown, whereby Slater was to make an Arkwright spinning frame and two cards with the money that the other two partners furnished for that purpose. They took Slater to Pawtucket, four miles north of Providence, then a small town of less than a thousand inhabitants. Here they secured a building on Quaker Lane (now East Avenue), and in great secrecy the pupil of Arkwright began to copy his master's machine. One Sylvanus Brown was employed to make the woodwork, and was put under bonds by the suspicious youth neither to steal the models nor reveal the secret. The shop was by the riverside, the windows in front shielded by shutters, and at the back of the shop by blinds. One other assistant was needed, and an old colored man named Primus was admitted. His task was to furnish the needed power, and this he did by turning a large wheel. Slater's retentive memory did not fail him, and the work went steadily on, he chalking his plans on boards and planks, and Sylvanus hewing them out. David Wilkinson, a local inventor, who was afterward Slater's partner, was finally called in to make the rollers and other necessary metallic parts. These men were the only ones who ever knew the secret in this country until the machinery was in use. There is a story connected with this event that when the spinning frame was completed, something seemed to prevent its running successfully, and nothing that the anxious workmen could do would overcome the difficulty. Samuel was very despondent, and feared that he had forgotten some essential detail, when he fell asleep in the midst of his scattered work, and dreamed that he was building the machines again in England, and that there was a necessary band connecting some of the wheels. When he awoke, he immediately recollected the construction of this part, which was all that was lacking to make it successfully perform its work.

Having succeeded in building his spinning frame, Slater and his companions made two carding machines, after which they moved all the machinery they had completed to a small building on the southwest abutment of the bridge over the Blackstone, which had been used as a fulling-mill. The machines were set up in the back end of the building overlooking the river, the other end being used as a clothing shop. Here, on December 21, 1790, they started their cards, together with drawing and roving 72 spindles. These machines were so perfect that they continued to be used for forty years, until 1830. The venerable Moses Brown seems to have been deeply interested in the undertaking, and to have given his support to the little firm, which continued to keep their machines steadily at work, spinning all the cotton that they could get. Slater at first was unwilling to use American cotton, on account of its inferior quality, but finally did so, as it could be procured so much cheaper than that imported. Securing a large quantity of it, he gave it out in bags to all the neighboring farmers, whose wives cleaned it by whipping it with a stick and picking it over by hand. But he found that paying four cents a pound for this, and losing a great deal by the thieving propensities of the cleaners, it cost as much as the cotton brought from the West Indies.

Fourteen months after they began work, Mr. Brown advised the Secretary of the Treasury that machinery and mills could now be erected in one year of capacity to supply the whole country with yarn, and render further importation unnecessary. They continued to spin in this way for three years, but not with as great financial success as had been anticipated; for their customers would not be convinced that as good yarn could be spun in this country as in England; hence the demand was as yet limited, and of the small amount made the first two years several thousand pounds remained on hand. At the end of that time Moses Brown wrote in alarm to Slater, "Thee must shut down thy gates, Samuel, or thee will spin all my farm into cotton yarn." But he must have been convinced of ultimate success, for they continued the spinning, although the yarn accumulated on their hands despite every effort to sell or weave it. It must be recollected that this was nearly a quarter of a century before power-looms were invented, and all of the cotton cloth made from this yarn was woven by hand. Their profits were very large, however, and in 1793 they built a mill on the same side of the river, near the site of the building they were then occupying. This was the first cotton-mill built on this side of the Atlantic, and is still standing, although somewhat enlarged from its former size, being now used for the same purpose for which it was originally constructed. It was seven years before any other mill was built, and the price and demand both increasing on his yarn soon after this mill was started, Slater alone in that time amassed a considerable fortune.

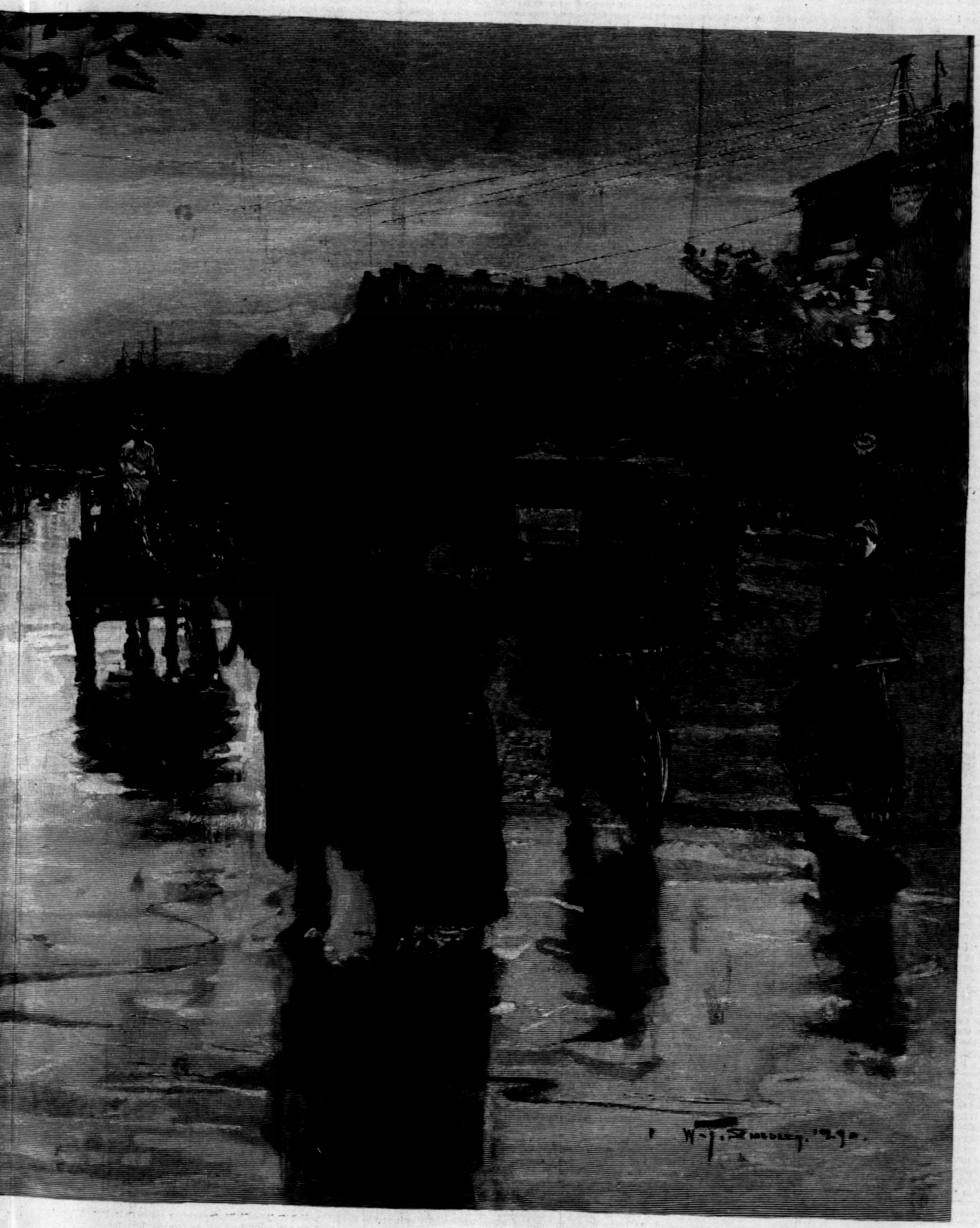
Samuel Slater was a remarkably industrious man, and he asserted that during the first 20 years he was in this country he averaged 16 hours' work daily. Some time later he and other Pawtucket men, including David Wilkinson, who helped him to build the first machine, and was his brother-in-law, constructed another mill on the east side of the river, opposite the first one. Slater at this time is supposed to have been worth a half-million of dollars, and, besides his interest in these mills, received the small sum of $1 50 a day from each for superintending them. Following the example of his old master, Jedediah Strutt, he started a Sunday-school for his employés, having them meet in his own house, and teaching them himself. This is supposed to be the first Sunday-school in America.

It was not long before a marked impetus was given to the demand for home-made goods. Congress was called upon to restrict importations, and a new stimulus was given to the manufacture of cotton and other textiles, so, at the close of 1809, 87 cotton factories had been erected in the United States, which, when in operation, would employ 80,000 spindles. By a report made to Congress in 1816 it appears that the business had increased from the consumption of 500 bales of 300 pounds each in 1800 to 10,000 in 1810, and 90,000 in 1815; that about 100,000 operators were employed, and $41,000,000 invested in the business.

Up to the year 1813 the mills that had been put into operation were designed only for spinning, and the twist was sold to the weavers, who made use of the hand-looms to convert it into cloth. The power-loom did not come into use in England till about 1806. It was not till after the war of 1812 that it was introduced into this country.

From what has been said it will be seen that the Pawtucket Cotton Centenary deserves more than a mere local recognition. Samuel Slater's work in reproducing in this country Arkwright's English method of power-spinning was the beginning of a new era not only in the manufacture of cotton, but in the general industrial development of the country, and it would indeed be difficult to overestimate the far-reaching results of his labors. The celebrations at Pawtucket in commemoration of the event will be attended by representatives from all the cotton-mills in the country. There will be on exhibition the various processes that cotton undergoes from the raw material to the finished cloth. The original cards and spinning frames made and used by Samuel Slater have been loaned for the occasion by the National Museum at Washington. Placed, as they will be, alongside of the most improved machinery of to-day, one will have an opportunity to see the tremendous advances made since the day that Samuel Slater turned out his first skein of yarn.

A SHOWER ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHING


W. T. Smedley '90.

NGTON, D. C.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 779.]

THE PASSING BELL AT STRATFORD.

Sweet bells of Stratford, tolling slow
In summer gloaming's golden glow,
I hear and feel thy voice divine,
And all my soul responds to thine.

As now I hear thee, even so
My Shakespeare heard thee long ago,
When lone by Avon's pensive stream
He wandered in his haunted dream;—

Heard thee, and far his fancy sped
Through spectral caverns of the dead,
And sought—and sought in vain—to pierce
The secret of the universe.

As now thou mournest didst thou mourn
On that sad day when he was borne
Through the long aisle of honeyed limes
To rest beneath the chambered chimes.

He heard thee not, nor cared to hear!
Another voice was in his ear,
And, freed from all the bonds of men,
He knew the awful secret then.

Sweet bells of Stratford, toll, and be
A golden promise unto me
Of that great hour when I shall know
The path whereon his footsteps go!

William Winter.

Stratford-upon-Avon, *September* 14, 1890.

A PICNIC AT TAE-TAN.

BY CLARENCE PULLEN.

"Oh ho-o-o! Turn out, all hands! Eight bells."

The call, which in volume and resonance suggested that a speaking-trumpet was its medium of delivery, was the unassisted voice of Captain Henry Cuthbert thundering in the spacious hallway of his house by the water-side. The scene was Amoy, China, and the time was four o'clock in the morning of July 4, 186–.

This retired and worthy captain, whom the Chinese called Fequi ("fat man"), was an old American ship-master, rough of manner and kind of heart, who for many years had resided at Amoy as a pilot of the port. As there was no hotel in the city, visitors from the United States usually took up their quarters at his house, where at this time several Americans, myself among them, were staying.

Moored at the foot of the wide stairs leading down from the veranda to the water, lay his pilot-boat, a large sailing sampan manned by five natives, who lived on board. Having aroused his guests, the captain, from the veranda, hailed Assam, his Chinese boat captain:

"Hi yah, Assam! Have got boat ready?"

"All li! all li!" replied Assam. "All thing have leddy. Can go chop chop."

The captain re-entered the house, where I chanced to be the first of his guests to appear.

"Ah, Captain Constant," he roared, genially, "glad to see you on deck. We've a fine day and a fair breeze for our trip. Where are the others? Oh, here's Blake! Good-morning, captain. I hope this breeze will bring the *Albatross* along, and we'll all be able to congratulate the bride next week."

His last remark was addressed to a handsome, stalwart young fellow, who colored slightly at the captain's words, but nevertheless looked pleased. Tom Blake, captain of the ship *Bankok*, now lying at Amoy, was going in a few days to Hong-Kong on a mission of great interest to himself, and to one other person at least. The new clipper ship *Albatross*, which had sailed from New York late in March, would soon be due at that port, and on board this vessel, under the protection of Captain Pendleton and his wife, was a Miss Gertrude Allen, of Maine, who was coming out to be married to Tom. The two had not met since they were school-children, and naturally Tom was in a state of nervous impatience, which caused him to be the subject of not a little pleasant joking by his friends at Amoy.

"I'm sorry Atwater won't go along," said Cuthbert. "But he returns to his mission to-morrow, and thinks he can't spare the time to-day. The parson's a good fellow in spite of his cloth. Now we're mustered, we'll have a cup of coffee, and be off."

As we were taking the coffee and rolls there was heard upon the elastic floor matting the slip-slap of a pair of tiny grass toe slippers, and, clad in voluminous trousers and a long white jacket, Ayow, our host's Chinese wife, a bright, very pretty little woman, appeared upon the scene. After exchanging salutations with the guests, she accosted the stout captain without prelude:

"What for my no can go too, Fequi? My no sabe that Fourth of July too muchee. My can chin chin Joss all samee. What for you no takee my long side that Joss house same time? My long time have wanchee go. My long time have wait. My too muchee wanchee go. You have tellee my many day my can go. What for no can go to-day?"

Ayow, who, according to her heathen light, was most orthodox of faith, could not go to the temple in the city to worship Joss, for, being a Canton woman, the Amoy women regarded her as an interloper, and flouted her when she went abroad in the town. So, to enable her to perform her devotions, Cuthbert used often to take her to an old deserted temple on Tae-Tan Island, six or seven miles away, at the mouth of the harbor. Here she could burn her Joss-stick and gilt paper, offer up delicacies, explode fire-crackers, and go through her genuflections before Joss to her heart's content, without fear of molestation.

Her appearance upon the scene with the request that was signified in this torrent of pidgin-English had a bearing upon the events of the day the importance of which was more fully estimated at a later hour. It should here be stated that, by way of commemorating their national holiday, the Americans at the house had arranged to accompany our host this morning when he went, according to his custom, down the harbor, to cruise outside its mouth, on the lookout for incoming ships. The little China woman's request modified this plan, for Cuthbert answered her cheerily.

"Why, to be sure you shall go, Ayow, if you'll make haste. Get ready and come along. We'll all go to Tae-Tan for a Fourth of July picnic. We can watch for vessels from the hill-top just as well as from the boat."

We were soon aboard the sampan, in which Ching, the cook, had placed two well-stocked lunch baskets. It glided from the water stairs, and once clear of the docks which environ the lower part of the town, full sail was got upon the craft. With a fair breeze and tide, she slipped down the harbor, across the lower bay, and within an hour was nearing Tae-Tan Island, upon which, against the steep hill-side, was visible the peaked and scalloped towers of the Joss-house. Debarking upon a fine sand beach at the lower end of the island, the party wound up the path that led toward the old temple.

The island was steep and rocky and strewn with great bowlders, among which grew a few stunted trees and bushes. A five minutes' walk brought us to the porch of the temple. The place was as quiet as it well could be, not a sign of life being visible about it, except here and there a bird.

"This is a lonesome-looking place," I remarked. "Are there no inhabitants?"

"Not now," replied Cuthbert. "Years ago many people lived upon the islands hereabouts, but the fishermen from Chin-Choo Bay to eastward made so many piratical raids here that the peaceful inhabitants couldn't stay. But there have been no acts of piracy committed about here for a long time."

Within the temple was the altar, and a venerable but sadly neglected Joss, who surmounted it in sleepy, ponderous state. Having helped Ayow to carry her fire-crackers and the provisions that she had brought for Joss to the foot of that drowsy-looking deity, we left her to perform her devotions, and, lighting cigars, seated ourselves on the porch to enjoy the fresh breeze and the prospect. The sun, just risen, shone warm on the gray rocks, the blue, sparkling waters, and the Chinese coast in the distance, with its numerous villages and the misty hills beyond. Behind us, in the dim interior of the temple, was visible the glowworm light and spires of incense from Ayow's Joss-stick, and before the ugly idol, the swaying, bowing form, clad in flowered silk, of the fair little worshipper. Presently Cuthbert got up, and, with his cigar in his mouth, strolled through the temple into the corridors beyond the altar. Soon his head appeared around the corner of the altar from the rear, and he beckoned us toward him.

Following his lead, we passed round behind Joss into a large, dimly lighted hall. Here the pilot pointed to a quantity of fishermen's hats and shaggy rain-coats strewn about the floor. In a small adjacent room were a considerable number of pikes, swords, and matchlocks.

"The owners of this stuff can't be far away," he said. "These weapons make the place seem like a pirates' rendezvous. You are a lighter weight than I am, Constant, suppose you go up to the hill-top with the glass to reconnoitre."

Five minutes' scrambling over rocks took me to the summit of the hill, which commanded a wide prospect. Coming toward the rear of the island, from the direction of the Chin-Choo coast, were a half-dozen scattered junks and lorchas. Opposite me, against the shore, lay several Chinese boats, from which a large party of natives had just landed.

Turning last to the southward, I saw, with unbounded amazement, an object that made my pulse bound and nerves tingle. It was an American flag floating from the main truck of a ship, the tips of whose graceful spars showed just above the top of the cliffs. The vessel was evidently at anchor, for she lay head to tide, and I could see the motion of the spars as she rose and fell with the ocean swell. I signalled Cuthbert, who came with Blake to the hill-top, where I astonished the two greatly by pointing out to them the flag and masts.

"That's an American ship sure enough," said Cuthbert. "But I can't understand how she ever got into that place, unless she dropped from the sky." He glanced over the bay at the junks and lorchas working up from the eastward, and added. "Those Chin-Choo fellows are heading for her, and I think they're up to mischief. If some of them get on board under pretext of being pilots, it will be all day with her. We must get to her at once."

The men whom I had seen landing from the boats had disappeared. We hurried down to the Joss-house, where Ayow, who had finished her devotions, sat complacently on the porch. We had barely time to shout to her to go at once to the boat when round the hill, about midway from the water's edge to the summit, appeared the head of a column of men advancing rapidly. They were muscular, swarthy, cutthroat-looking fellows, the most of them half naked, and all were armed with knives. Cuthbert, who was acquainted with all the types of people along the coast, recognized them at once as natives from Chin-Choo. Avoiding all appearance of fear, we made the best of our way to the boat, which we reached well ahead of them, but there found, to our dismay, that the craft would not move, the ebb-tide having left her hard aground.

The natives speedily showed the bent of their intentions toward our party. Some of them made at all speed for the temple, evidently to secure their arms, while others ran down to the beach and began to pelt us with stones. One or two of the boatmen were struck by these missiles, and prompt measures of defence were obviously necessary. According to the custom of white navigators in Chinese waters in those days, every American in our party had brought with him on this expedition a navy revolver, and in the boat were two fowling-pieces for bird-shooting, and a complement of boarding-pikes and cutlasses for the crew. While Cuthbert encouraged the crew to push the sampan off, Blake and I caught up the fowling-pieces and discharged their loads of shot right and left among our assailants, striking two or three of them hard, and scattering the crowd from the beach. Throwing down the guns, we joined our efforts with those of the crew in the endeavor to get the boat away from this dangerous shore.

Under the united exertions of all our party the sampan had moved a few inches, when Assam yelled out: "Hiyah! Too muchee!" and pointed up the steep hill-side to where a dozen natives were wedging up a huge, nicely poised rock, weighing fifteen or twenty tons, and were straining every nerve to roll it down upon the boat. Crying loudly to the boatmen to "Shove her off!" Cuthbert, Blake, and I opened fire with our revolvers upon those of our enemies who were in sight. It was long pistol range, but at my second shot one of the natives threw up his hands and fell, yelling, and a moment after another tumbled to Cuthbert's firing; but the others only worked the harder, and the boat was still aground when, in a minute or two more, the ponderous mass of granite started and came down toward it, rolling over and over, striking showers of sparks from the rocks over which it passed, and leaving a clean track in its wake. From the direction it took, it seemed inevitable that it would strike and crush our craft; but at the very break of the high bank it swerved, and with a terrific swash plunged into the water about ten yards from the boat's side, splashing all on board, and sending a small torrent over the gunwale. The sampan rose on the heavy swell thus caused, and, helped by our efforts, floated off; the crew sprang to the rowlocks with the oars, and soon sent the boat well clear of the beach.

We got away just in time, for armed natives were pouring from the Joss-house down to the shore. Some of them, resting their matchlocks upon rocks, opened a fusillade upon the boat, while others yelled, brandished their swords and pikes, and threw stones in its wake long after it had passed beyond their range. Fortunately the matchlocks were so ill aimed that none of our party were hit, although several of the shots fanned the air unpleasantly near, and even chipped the wood-work of the craft. We wasted no ammunition in replying to their fire, for our whole purpose was to reach the ship ahead of the Chin-Choo boats.

"Now, boys," shouted the pilot, "all man makee row chop, chop!"

The men pulled hard at the oars, and ten minutes' work brought the sampan round the cliff in full sight of a handsome clipper ship swinging at anchor in the lee of the rocks. Her light sails were furled, her courses in the brails, and her topsails were upon the caps, with the reef-tackles hauled out.

"She has drifted in there in the calm and darkness," said Cuthbert. "I don't see how she ever missed the rocks. Ha! there's one of the Chin-Choo boats got along!"

A native junk had evidently hailed the vessel, and now was rowing up alongside it. As our boat ran along to port of the ship, the other craft was already at the starboard side, and its captain was climbing over the rail at the starboard gangway.

"It'll be lucky," said Cuthbert, "if that junk isn't packed full of pirate fishermen, who will board the ship as soon as they can get a chance."

The ship's bows were toward us, so that we could not read her name, but we could see that she was a handsome clipper. Our sampan came alongside unperceived, stopped at the port main chains, and Cuthbert and I sprang quickly over the vessel's side. Blake, who was steering, remained at the tiller until the sampan could be made fast.

In the group that stood on the poop-deck I could see the back of the ship's gray-haired commander as he talked to his visitors, several of whom had already gained the deck. "As thorough-going a pirate as ever went unhung," was my mental comment as I caught sight of the Chinese captain's square Tartar face, marked with the seams of wounds, his grins and obsequious gestures, and the cruel, watchful expression peering between the slits of his oblique eyelids. Three or four of his men stood behind him, and one by one others were quietly slipping over the rail and gathering upon the ship's deck. Most of the clipper's crew were in the waist of the ship waiting orders, but one or two men were laying ropes on the poop. A sight which would have been most pleasant to me had it not been associated with an immediate appalling danger, was that of two ladies looking with vast interest over the starboard rail down upon the Chinese craft. As we reached the deck, the ship's captain turned toward us in surprise.

It was not a time for many words. Cuthbert did not wait to ask the name of the ship or her captain, but addressed him at once.

"I'm Captain Cuthbert," he said, "a pilot for Amoy. Your ship is in a dangerous position, and there are other dangers threatening you. You'd better not let any more of these Chinamen get on your deck."

"I have heard of you, Captain Cuthbert, and am glad to meet you," returned the other, shaking hands with the pilot. "We lost steerageway in the night, and found ourselves under the cliffs at daybreak. I was about to employ this native to pilot us out of our predicament."

"Will you give me the authority as pilot to handle your ship and to deal with these fellows?" said Cuthbert.

"Yes, sir."

"Heave short your anchor!" shouted Cuthbert to the vessel's crew. Then turning to the Chinese captain, he said, sharply, "Wylo, wylo, chop chop!" (Go, go, quickly!). "Hi, Assam!" he shouted to his boat captain in the sampan below. "All man li lo top-side chop chop; helpee make sail! Bring Ayow."

The Chinese captain stood scowling, with his right hand thrust in the breast of his jacket. "My b'long pilot," he muttered. He turned his head, and saw that seven or eight of his men were behind him. Then, screaming a command, drew a long heavy knife from his breast, and aimed a deadly blow at the ship's captain. In an instant every Chinaman on deck had drawn a weapon from his flowing garments; there rose a loud yell from the junk alongside, and the heads of a crowd of natives and a score of brandished swords, pikes, and matchlocks appeared above the rail from the junk. As the pirate chief's stroke fell upon the captain, that officer threw up a heavy spy-glass which he had in his hand, catching the edge of the weapon, which cut into the brass as if it had been card-board. Before the Chinaman could strike again, Cuthbert snatched a belaying-pin from the rail, and flung it with terrific force, knocking him down.

"Lay aft, everybody," shouted the pilot, "or these fellows will have the ship!"

As he called we both drew our revolvers, and opened a rapid fire upon the pirates. There was no time to spare, and it seemed for a moment that the ship would surely be captured. But the sailors answered the call promptly, and dashed aft, armed with capstan bars, pump brakes, and iron belaying-pins—any weapon that they could most quickly snatch up. Until they could reach the quarter-deck, Cuthbert and I had to stand the brunt of the fight.

"Hi, Assam!" shouted Cuthbert to the men in the sampan. "Pikes and cutlasses, quick!"

Our two revolvers did good and timely work, and stopped the first rush of our assailants. Three of them dropped in their tracks, and the others retreated to the rail, where, backed by their comrades coming up the chains, they made a stand against our sailors. But the onslaught of our men was so fierce and determined that the pirates could gain no ground, and began gradually to give way.

At the beginning of this savage attack, so wholly unexpected, the ladies at the starboard rail screamed; then shrunk back in silent fear, and clasping each other's hands, gazed, breathless and helpless, with pallid cheeks, at the sudden commotion and deadly assault. As the pirate's blow fell upon the captain, one of the ladies shrieked and fainted.

The ship's captain had staggered and nearly fallen under the pirate's blow. His first act after he had regained his footing was to spring to the fainting woman, and draw her toward the companionway and the shelter of the cabin. The Chinese chief was on his feet in an instant, and gripping his knife hard and setting his teeth, dashed like a wild-cat upon the group. At the same moment two Chinamen coming up from the junk leaped over the rail at this point, while another, armed with a matchlock, braced himself in the chains, and took deliberate aim at the younger woman, who, seemingly with no thought for her own safety, interposed herself between the pirate captain and her helpless friend.

All these things happened in a moment, it seemed. Cuthbert and I were hurriedly reloading our revolvers when I heard Blake strike the port rail behind me as he leaped up from the sampan, and behind him came Assam and our Chinese sailors. Just as I became aware of the immediate danger of the women—nobody else in the stress of fighting heeding their peril—crack!, crack! above my head Blake's revolver spoke twice; then springing past me, he crossed the quarter-deck at a bound, caught the pirate chief's uplifted arm, and with a tremendous blow of his pistol upon the head sent him lifeless to the deck. Catching the barrel of the levelled matchlock with a force that hurled the

Chinaman behind it headlong down the ship's side, he threw the muzzle up, while the weapon, exploding, sent the ball harmlessly into the air.

Blake's revolver had dropped as he seized the matchlock, and the two pirates who had come over the rail, one armed with a pike and the other with a sword, were upon him too quickly to allow him time to recover the pistol. Availing himself of the matchlock, which he still grasped, Tom, with its butt turned aside the pike, and with the barrel parried the blow of the sword. Standing his ground, and protecting with his body the retreat of the ladies, he thrust the muzzle of the matchlock into the face of the Chinaman with the sword, sending him spinning backward, and, quickly reversing his hold, with the clubbed weapon dashed out the brains of the other assailant. Before the surviving Chinaman could repeat his blow with the sword, the carpenter, a gigantic Norwegian, who had run aft at the first call armed with a broadaxe, cut the fellow's head off so cleanly that it rolled at his feet before the body could drop to the deck.

It was close, quick, desperate work, and if the enemy had been able to mass force enough upon deck to maintain their position a few seconds longer, the ship would have been at their mercy. But our men had got to work so promptly that those pirates who reached the poop could not hold their position, and all of them not left dead on deck leaped back over the rail or were knocked down the ship's side. The junk's lines were cut by our sailors, who, as she slipped away from the ship by the action of the tide, flung after it the dead pirates, of whom there were a dozen on deck, including their captain.

The junk's crew used their oars with frantic energy until they were beyond the range of our revolvers; but when they had gained a safe distance they stopped, and showed their intention of remaining near the ship—the reason for which action was soon seen in the appearance of several other Chinese boats which were coming round the point from the east.

Four or five of the ship's crew were wounded, but fortunately none was disabled, and under Cuthbert's direction all hands set actively to work to get the vessel out of her perilous situation. The anchor was hove short, the jibs loosed, the topsails hoisted, and soon, with anchor lifted, the ship was under control. As she gathered headway, the junks and lorchas worked up nearer, and their crews were evidently debating whether they should make another attack.

"Now, then," shouted Cuthbert, "work lively, men! Let's make sail, and get out of this before these pirates grapple us. They'll board us again if enough of their boats get along to give them courage."

Top-gallant sails and royals were quickly set, the fore and main tacks and sheets got down, and the good ship began to forge through the water and to gather headway. As she cleared the high land, under the lee of which she had been lying, more junks crowded with armed men could be seen coming round the point, standing to windward of the ship, and the rapidity of our movements stimulated them to extra efforts to prevent our escape. Had it not been for the disaster attending their first brush on our deck, they would undoubtedly have at once attacked the ship; but the lesson had made them wary, and they evidently were waiting to muster all their force, trusting perhaps to the chance that our vessel would strike some rock.

After taking the ladies below, the captain had quickly returned to the deck with his pistol, ready for action. The clipper, like most vessels engaged in the China trade at that day, had an arm-chest, and while Cuthbert handled the ship, the captain, aided by the carpenter and steward, got out the muskets, cutlasses, and pikes, and placed ammunition in readiness for use. The muskets they loaded and set in a row against the rail.

Under Captain Cuthbert's careful guidance, the ship, sailing "on the wind," steadily forged along with increasing speed, and seemed likely soon to leave the Chinese boats hopelessly behind. But just as we had begun to believe that the danger from them was over, there appeared round the point, on her weather bow, in the direction of the Joss-house, a large junk under full sail, steering for her. With a fresh, fair wind, she was under full control, and could intercept the ship at any point she should choose.

"If that fellow fastens to us, with all those other junks to help him, we shall have more work cut out for us than we can handle," said Cuthbert.

The two great goggle eyes in her bows glared balefully as the junk bore rapidly down upon the ship. There could be no doubt that her captain had fully decided to attack, and meant to lay us aboard on the weather side, and carry the vessel with a rush. Her crew, armed with swords, pikes, knives, and muskets, were ranged six deep along the side, in readiness to board the ship when the vessels should meet, or were crouching beneath her rail, holding gingals, or "stink-pots," which, thrown upon our decks, should overpower our men with their suffocating fumes.

"Let every man that can be spared lie along the forward weather rail, and open fire on 'em!" shouted Cuthbert to the ship's captain, "and be ready to meet 'em when they try to board us! Let five or six men stay by the weather braces, and one man at the lee braces. We've one chance, and that is to spring a luff on 'em."

"Shoot their helmsman! Hit him if you can," called the pilot, a moment later.

Whose shot did the work could not be known. Two or three of us fired together with muskets and revolvers, and the pirate steersman went down in a heap beside the tiller. Another sprang to the helm, but before he could move it, a shot stretched him on deck. The captain of the junk gesticulated wildly as he screamed out his orders, and several more Chinamen crowded to the tiller. Upon this point we concentrated our fire, and as they came nearer made such confusion among them as to prevent the pirates from minding their helm. With her tiller untended, the junk, at a distance of a hundred yards from the ship and nearly ahead, rounded short to the wind; careened under the pressure of her heavy matted sail until her lee rail was under water, lost her headway, and presented a fair broadside to the clipper's bow. The fresh breeze that brought the junk along struck the ship's sails, and as she bent to its force, darting ahead rapidly, Cuthbert, with the ready instinct of a seaman, saw that here was his opportunity, and his command rang out sharply to the man at the wheel:

"Down with your helm! Hard down! Let her luff sharp!"

The ship answered the helm at once, swerved rapidly up into the wind's eye, and before the demoralized and astounded Chinamen cound realize what the manœuvre meant, much less do anything toward getting out of the way, her jib-boom passed through their mainsail. The clipper's sharp and towering bow struck the junk's side with a great crash, breaking through it as if it were paper; then overturned the huge egg-shell of a craft, and carried it along for a few yards, until it burst asunder and the parts went under water with a tremendous eddy. The ship's keel and sides rasped the enemy beneath her, passed through and over it, and as she continued her even, majestic course, there was seen behind her a seething turmoil of water in which appeared here and there the heads of drowning men and frightened swimmers.

As the ship crashed into the junk the pirates on board the fated craft yelled with mingled rage and fear, fired a scattered volley with their matchlocks, and as many of them as could—a score or more—boarded the ship by the head chains and back ropes, and came over the bows. A gingal or two fell on deck and burst with an outpouring of fumes of evil odor, causing every one near it to give back. The foremost of the boarders were met by a volley from such of the muskets as were loaded; then our company charged them on the forecastle with pikes, cutlasses, and clubbed muskets and revolvers, and drove them over the bow into the sea, where those who were not carried under the ship swam toward the junks and lorchas behind.

When it became evident that the large junk would close with us, the other junks and lorchas came down like a school of sharks upon the ship's stern and weather quarter to aid the attack. Cuthbert and the captain from the quarter-deck fired a musket shot or two upon this foe in the rear, cracked their revolvers at them, and called for some of the men to lay aft to their assistance. No help was needed in that quarter, however. The nearest of the Chinese boats had been almost at the point of grappling with the ship; but after the appalling disappearance of the junk, the small junks and lorchas in the wake of her destroyer, rocking and swaying in the whirlpool that the going down of their big companion had made, displayed no ambition to lessen the distance between them and the clipper.

On counting up our casualties, six of the sailors were found to be wounded, one or two seriously; but fortunately no one was fatally hurt. Blake also had received a sword cut on the head, which he treated as a trifle.

Now that the pirates were beaten, there remained the serious work of extricating the ship from her dangerous position; for it was a marvel that she had so far escaped the rocks. It took delicate handling to get the clipper to safe water through hidden perils, but the pilot's skill was equal to the emergency, and soon the ship was in the regular channel for vessels, and with all her canvas spread was working grandly up to Amoy. Cuthbert, after the exploits of the day, stood directing the steersman and talking to Ayow, who, in no way discomposed by the stirring happenings of the last four hours, sat on the deck looking placidly at her lord, when the ship's captain reappeared from the cabin, and advanced to thank us for our timely assistance.

"Hoist the union-jack at the fore," he called out, "and set the burgee at the mizzen. We must go up to Amoy with our colors flying in honor of the day and of our victory."

The American flag was still at the main, and the union-jack went up the foremast amid cheers of the crew. Then the burgee was run up and shook out its folds from the mizzen, and as we deciphered the name on it, Cuthbert and I exchanged glances, and Blake looked very queer, for the letters spelled out the word *A-L-B-A-T-R-O-S-S*. In the sharp work that followed our arrival on board no one had thought to ask the vessel's name; and of all vessels to be expected in this particular place, the *Albatross* was the last. As the captain was shaking our hands and we were uniting in congratulations, Cuthbert addressed him by name:

"Captain Pendleton, I believe? We came aboard in too much of a hurry to ask the name of your ship. In fact we weren't looking for your vessel at Amoy, but thought her due at Hong-Kong next week. Here's a young gentleman who's been waiting impatiently for her arrival there so as to go up to meet you."

Captain Pendleton looked at Tom. "This must be Mr. Blake. Well, I declare! We were expecting to meet you on a different sort of occasion from this, but we'll celebrate both," and he shook the young captain's hand warmly. "Of course you got my letter stating that we were to come to Amoy instead of Hong-Kong? The orders changing our plan were received only on the day before sailing. We had a good passage, but off the harbor last night we got becalmed. It was very dark, and we drifted about until we found ourselves close under the rocks, where we anchored to keep from drifting on shore. It would have been all day with us if your party hadn't come to our assistance. There are two ladies on board who will be glad to see you. They're scraping lint and cutting bandages in the cabin now. Elinor!" he shouted at the companionway with an eagerness that quickly brought into view the head of a comely matron, the elder one of the two ladies whom we had seen. "Come on deck and bring Gertrude. Here's a young gentleman that would like to meet her."

Blake, who was as bashful as he was plucky, was in a state of mingled delight and confusion, and looked as if he would half like to postpone the meeting that had come so unexpectedly upon him until he had time to gather courage. He was in his shirt sleeves, with splashes of crimson on the white linen, and a reddened handkerchief was bound about his forehead. He glanced around as if he was debating in his mind whether etiquette did not demand that he put on his coat, which just then was doubled up for a pillow under the head of a wounded sailor.

As Mrs. Pendleton came up the companionway, carrying a basket filled with lint and rolls of linen, her eye fell upon Blake, whom she had never seen before, but with intuitive recognition she walked straight to him.

"Tom Blake," she said, seizing his hands and kissing him. "It is a surprise to meet you under these circumstances. But we've known all about you for a long time, and should look for you to come to our rescue in the midst of danger, and you have behaved"—here she looked admiringly at him—"just as we should have expected you to do."

A very handsome brown-eyed young lady, whose face, lately paled in the presence of imminent danger, was now rosy, had appeared on deck, and stood looking with a mixture of timidity and vast interest upon the stalwart young captain.

Mrs. Pendleton called to her, "Come here, Gertrude, and help me thank Captain Blake for saving our lives."

Very modestly, blushingly, and charmingly the young lady came forward to meet a happy and wholly abashed and confused young captain, who a short time before had stood like a lion against armed pirates, but now was in the mood of abject capitulation.

The quarter-deck was not a seemly place for ladies, with its blood-stains and other signs of the recent fight. Mrs. Pendleton and Miss Gertrude Allen, however, refused to leave it until by their direction and assistance every wound had been bandaged, and every one hurt in the fight had declared that he was as comfortable as care and attention could make him. But even the memory of a peril so recent and duties so urgent could not obscure the interest of such an eventful and opportune lovers' meeting. So, after the due introductions and congratulations all round had taken place on the quarter-deck, Captain Pendleton, his wife, Gertrude, and Tom went into the cabin. With little preliminary talk they came to the consideration of the business that had brought Miss Gertrude Allen to China. The discussion was not a long one, and there could have been no serious variance of opinion, for soon Captain Pendleton, looking mysterious and wise, came on deck and bustled up to Cuthbert, who was heading the ship for a mooring-place off Amoy, while I stood by watching his masterly handling of the vessel.

"The young folks and Mrs. Pendleton have got it about fixed up for a Fourth of July wedding at Amoy," said Captain Pendleton. "Blake says you've got a parson there to-day who'll be gone to-morrow. The ladies' nerves are somewhat shook up with the commotion this morning, and Gertrude thinks it's a 'little sudden'; but Mrs. Pendleton favors it, and, mark my words, *it'll go.*"

As the captain predicted, it *did* go. Mrs. Pendleton came on deck, leaving the young folks together. Tom, now that he was, so to speak, fairly engaged, developed unexpected courage, and made great headway in his argument for an immediate ceremony. Soon Mrs. Pendleton was summoned down to the cabin, then her husband, and finally Cuthbert. The result of the consultation was the decision that as the Rev. Mr. Atwater had to start away on the next morning, and there was no other Protestant clergyman nearer than Hong-Kong, it was wholly in order—quite due to the day, in fact—that the ceremony should be performed at once.

So the wedding took place that evening at Captain Cuthbert's house, which, in honor of the occasion, was hung about with a profusion of Chinese lanterns, while Assam and the sampan's crew discharged fire-crackers innumerable. The guests were few in number, but the occasion lacked nothing that was hearty and joyous, and the close of that patriotic day so memorably connected with the birth of the great Western republic—the native land of nearly every person present—saw a happy American union in distant Amoy.

THE DEAD QUEEN.

WITH what high hearts the forests, tho' fear-smitten
Fared forth full grandly to their coming fall,
Altho' they read the superscription written
By spectral fingers on the banquet wall;

Altho' they knew that thistle-down was blowing,
That golden-rod and asters starred the ways,
And that the wind, the brown seeds idly sowing,
Lingered and loitered thro' the later days,

But tarried only in the pleasant places,
To sweep the stronger down the dark defiles,
To measure might with them in forest spaces,
An unseen archer in the shaded aisles.

But while a stripling breeze in cautious hiding,
He was content the aster's leaves to part;
They stooped and drained the last drop still abiding
Within the wearied summer's withered heart.

With one last strain she filled the beaker brimming,
The guests about the goblet's edge stooped low,
And then the while her own fair cheeks were dimming,
They with her tints began to flush and glow.

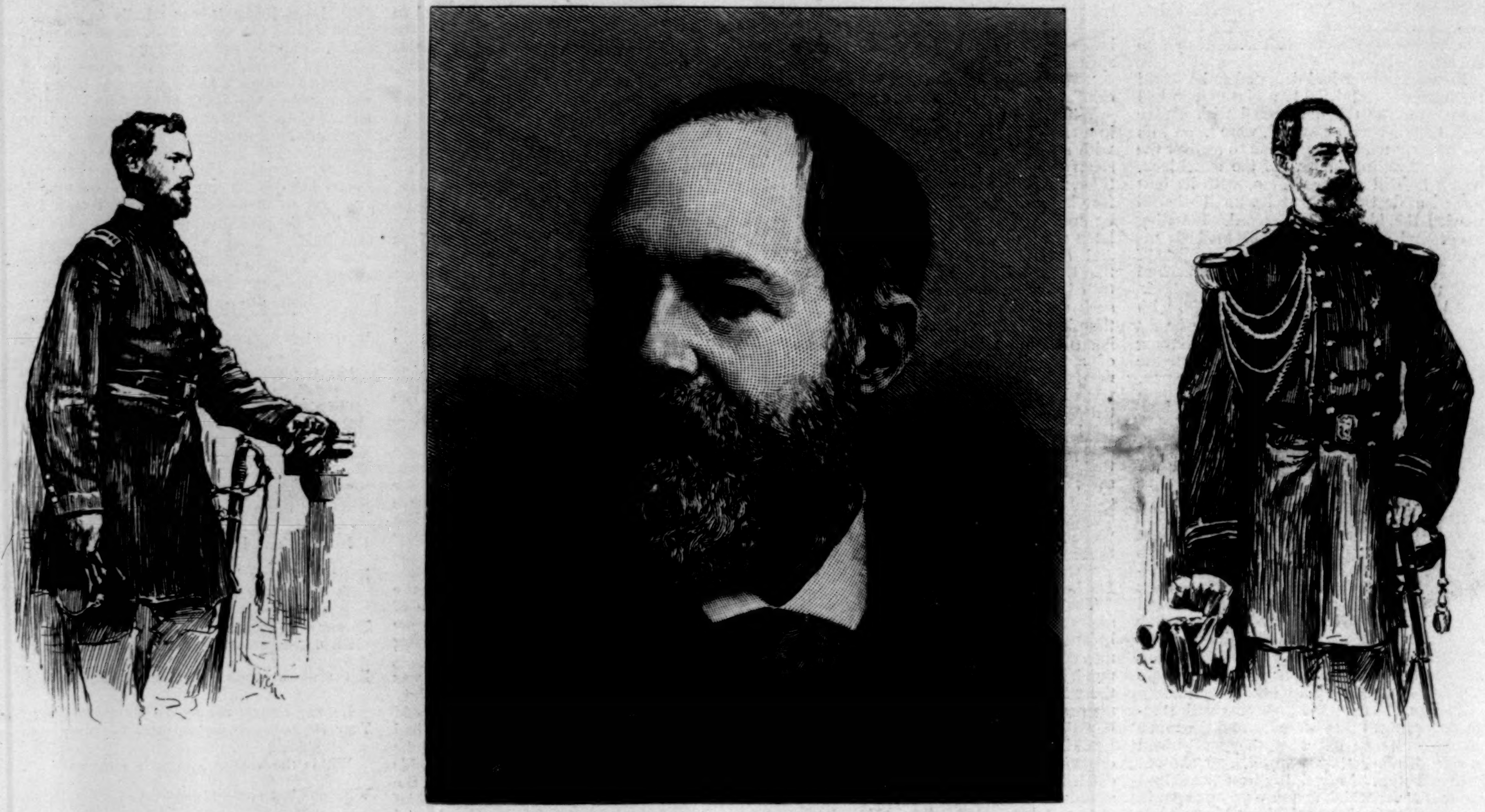
But e'en as summer like a ghost did linger,
The wind uprising in his shadowed lair
Smote the gay, flaunting host with unseen finger,
And scourged the color-loving branches bare.

Then quick the summer stirred her in her longing,
And gathered leaves like her sweet lips rose-red,
And tawny golds to her own hair belonging,
And plucked them to her breast, and then lay dead.

ANNIE BRONSON KING.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

IT was a singular series of events which led to the killing of twenty-one persons and the wounding of thirty near Shoemakersville, on the Reading Railway, during the early evening of Friday, September 19th. A loaded coal train broke in two portions, and as the rear part slowed up, a following train ran into it, with the result of throwing two laden cars on to the opposite track. This happened just beyond a curve where the tracks hug the banks of the Schuylkill River, running, not very deep, but very swift, near thirty feet below. Up to this point dashed the Pottsville "cannon-ball" express, carrying over 150 people in seven cars. Mostly they were returning from pleasure excursions to the Berks County Fair and the Pennsylvania Firemen's Convention. Usually the "cannon-ball" stops only at important towns, and runs forty miles an hour. On Friday it was behind time, and running a little faster than ordinary, when it struck the derailed coal cars with a crash heard for miles. A witness declared that of the forward cars the wreck could not have been more complete. Nothing remained but a heap of mingled fragments and dead and dying men and women. The engine plunged 150 feet over the bowlders and down the bank until the river extinguished its fires. Beneath it lay the headless and dismembered body of the engineer, who died almost before he removed his hand from the air-brake, which he had faithfully set, but not soon enough to appreciably check his train. Hundreds of country folks, attracted by the crash and screams, were speedily at hand, and soon there lay upon the bank a dreadful row of corpses, close by where the doctors were busy in the open air with the first remedies to near twoscore wounded. And, as if the scene were not already horrible enough, one wretch, noticed skulking among the disabled passengers, was found with his pockets full of trinkets taken from his helpless victims. Fire broke out among the débris, threatening to consume such of the survivors as had escaped crushing and drowning, but a train hand, who had been thrown into the river, retained presence of mind enough to dash water over the flames before they gained headway. It was altogether the worst accident which ever happened on the Reading Railway, and the jury found that the company, through one of its employés, was to blame. The individual who bears this awful responsibility was a signal-man, who delayed in giving the warning which would have prevented the collision which blocked the track of the express.



AS AIDE-DE-CAMP TO GENERAL McCLELLAN.

AS HE APPEARS TO-DAY.

IN THE UNIFORM OF AN OFFICER OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

PHILIPPE D'ORLÉANS, COMTE DE PARIS.

THE VISIT OF THE COMTE DE PARIS.

Louis Philippe Albert d'Orléans, Comte de Paris, is the eldest son of the Duc d'Orléans who was killed in a runaway accident at Neuilly, and is a grandson of Louis Philippe. He was born in Paris on the 24th of August, 1838, and has therefore just passed his fifty-second birthday.

In February, 1848, the third French Revolution drove Louis Philippe, King of the French, from his throne. The deed of abdication which he signed claimed recognition as King for the Comte de Paris; and greatly against the wishes of the nine-year-old lad, he was hailed "Louis Philippe the Second, King of the French." This was on February 24, 1848; but the National Assembly would not have it so, and the Second Republic was proclaimed, February 26, 1848. The Duchesse d'Orléans and her children immediately fled from France, at first to Eisenach, in Germany, then to Claremont, England. At Claremont the Comte de Paris and his brother, the Duc de Chartres, spent ten years; after their mother's death, in 1858, they travelled extensively through Europe.

In September, 1861, the two young princes, under the care of their uncle the Prince de Joinville, crossed the ocean, desirous of beholding the operations of actual war. They brought letters to General McClellan, and, at his suggestion, accepted positions on his staff as volunteer aides, with the rank of Captain, stipulating that they should receive no pay, and should be free to resign at any time. The commissions of the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres bear date September 28, 1861. With them on McClellan's staff were Captain Martin T. McMahon and Captain John Jacob Astor.

For six months the two volunteer aides saw little active service; but in April, 1862, they were present at the siege of Yorktown, and took active part in the battles around Richmond, the Duc de Chartres capturing more than one prisoner, the Comte de Paris charging with Butterfield's brigade at Gaines Mill, and both princes assisting in steadying the Union lines on more than one occasion during the Seven Days' battles.

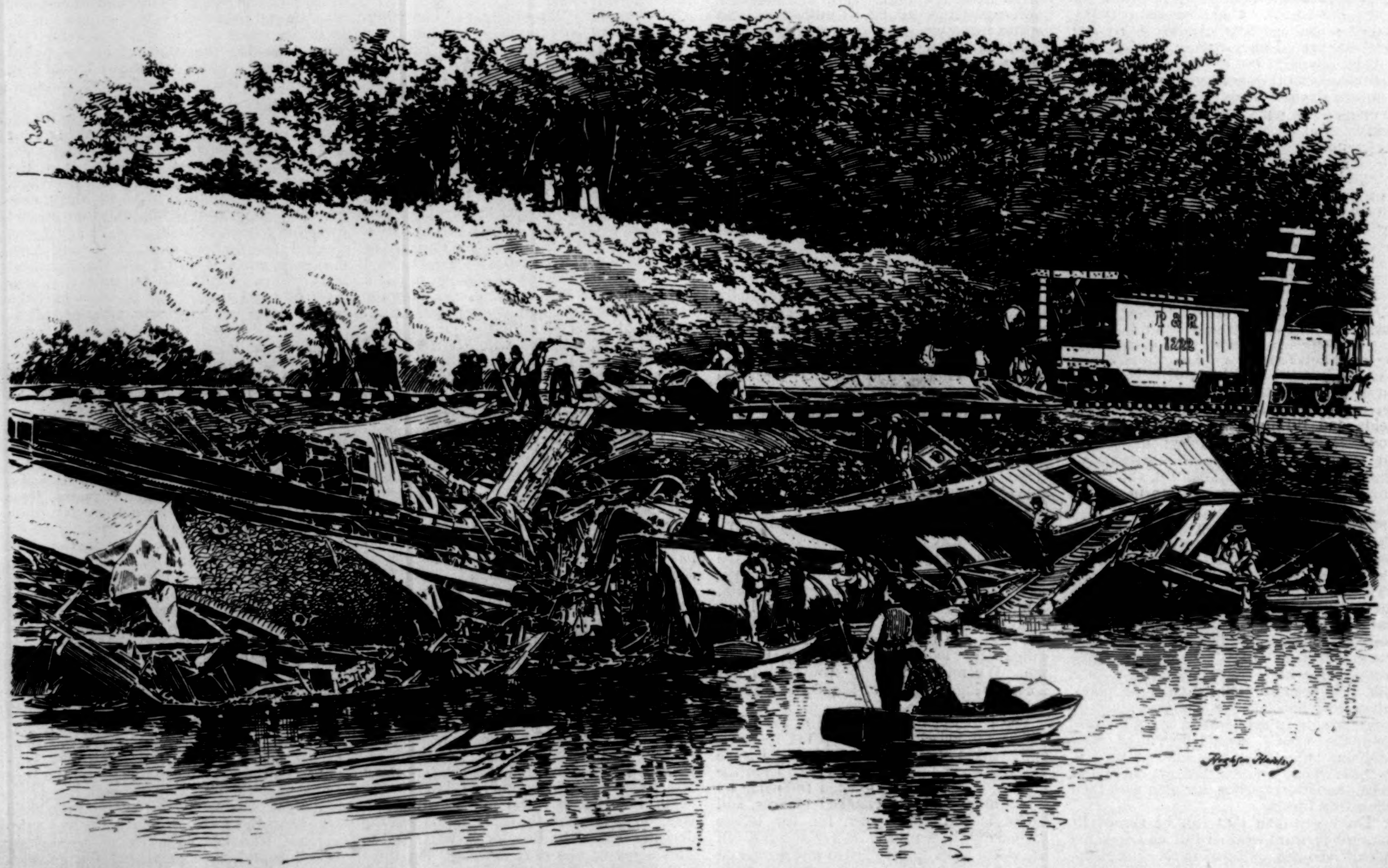
At last, on July 2, 1862, McClellan's retreat from Richmond was complete. Then the Comte de Paris and his brother resigned their commissions, influenced chiefly in doing so by the increasing coolness between France and the United States over the interference of the former country in the affairs of Mexico, and returned at once to their own land.

In May, 1864, the Comte de Paris married his cousin Marie, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, who has borne him six children, the eldest of whom is the Queen of Portugal, while the second, his oldest son, is that Duc d'Orléans who has recently been imprisoned for returning to France in defiance of the Expulsion Act of 1886.

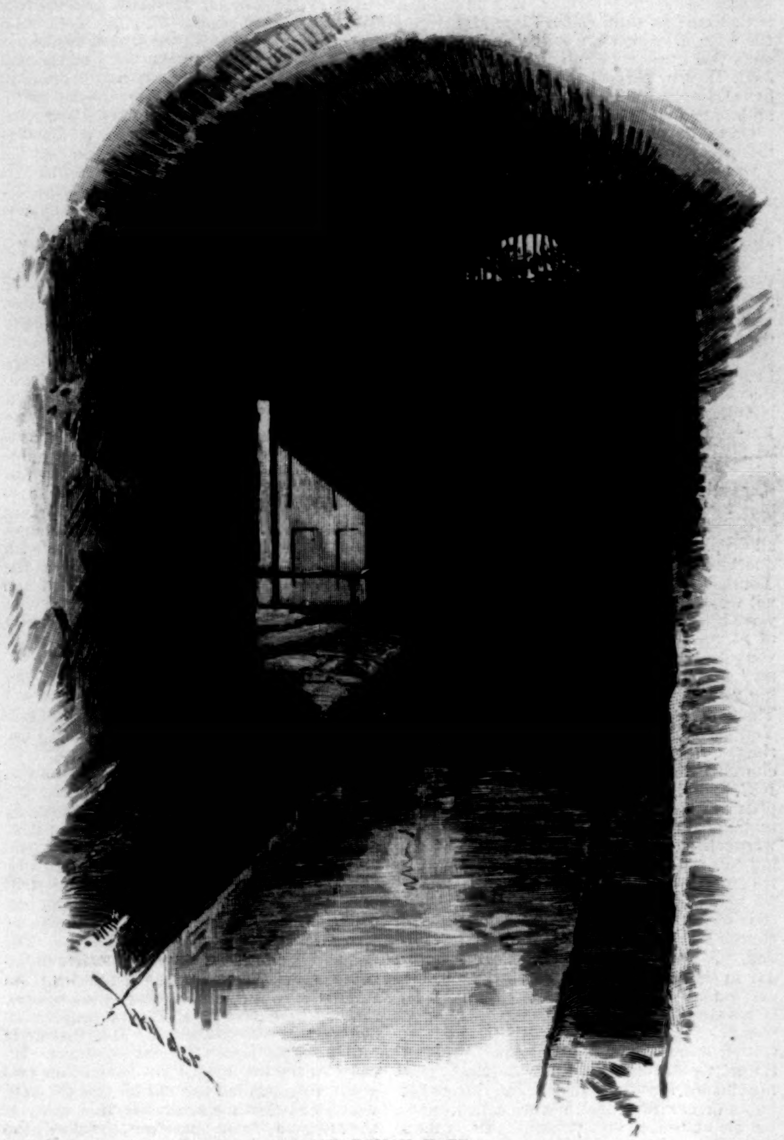
When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, the Comte de Paris offered his services to his country; but they were declined. Late in 1871, however, the Comte obtained a seat in the National Assembly, and was commissioned Colonel and placed on the retired list of the French army.

On August 5, 1873, the Comte de Paris, head of the Orleans branch of the royal house of France, met Henri, Comte de Chambord, head of the house of Bourbon, at Frohsdorf, near Vienna, and formally recognized the latter as the head of the French royal line, and *de jure* King of France. Just ten years later, on the birthday of the Comte de Paris, August 24, 1883, the Comte de Chambord died, and the Comte de Paris succeeded to his rights.

Besides an exhaustive work on British trades-unions, the Comte de Paris has written a *History of the Civil War in America*, the eighth and last volume of which is shortly to appear. It is an impartial history of the military operations of the war, the value of which has been recognized and appreciated by military men everywhere.



CLEARING THE WRECK AFTER THE DISASTER ON THE READING RAILWAY NEAR SHOEMAKERSVILLE.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 775.]



OLD ROMAN BATH.

QUEER BITS OF LONDON.

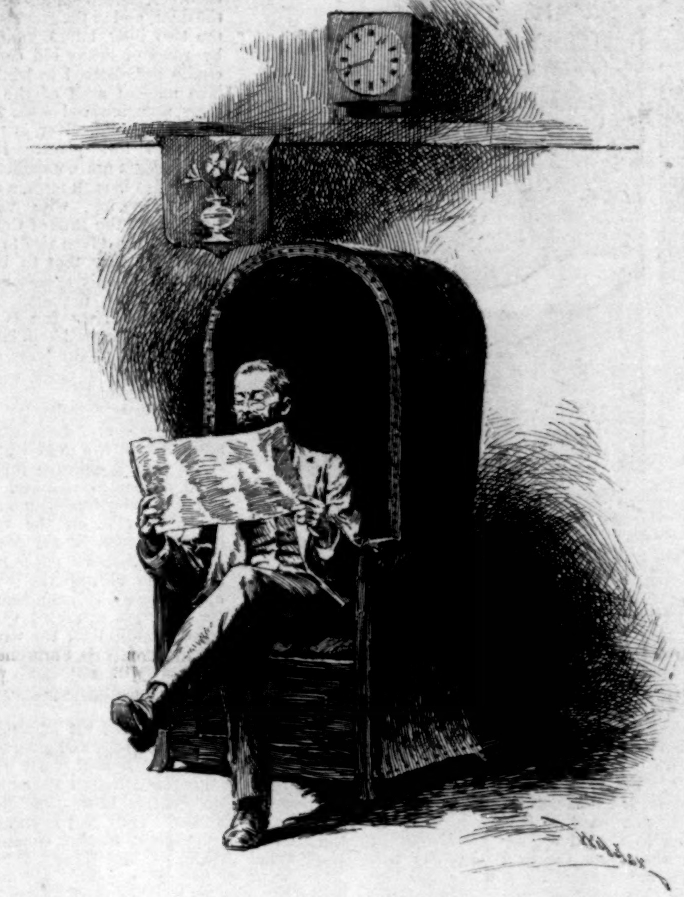
BY JULIAN RALPH.

LONDON as a whole is only interesting on account of its size. There are hundreds of miles of stupidly prosaic streets in the metropolis—streets of little dwellings, or walled-in villas, or monotonous stuccoed houses. It is a very great mistake to think you cannot go amiss in England if you are searching for the ancient, the picturesque, and the peculiar. As a matter of fact, a fair half of London is commonplace, and all that saves most of the second-grade English cities from tediousness is some especial feature they possess, like the free art gallery and library in Birmingham, a cathedral in some other city, something else in another. The tourists who flock together like sheep in a beaten runway are more than half right, after all, for they avoid the modern towns (not as old as some of our cities, and nothing like as attractive), and worship only such bits of the bric-à-brac of history as Warwick, Stratford, Canterbury, and Edinburgh. We shall see later on that Sandwich in Kent and Clovelly in Devonshire are far better worth seeing than most of the places they have hackneyed, but since even the English have not had their attention called to the extraordinary charms of these old towns it is not surprising that Americans have not heard of them. In the mean time they do well not to waste their precious holidays on the Sheffields and Birminghams and Glasgows of the other side, unless they are interested in the especial industries of those huge ant-hills.

But old London is more than interesting; it is fascinating. And by old London I do not mean "the city" merely, but all that tangle of thoroughfares that lies a mile or more back of the Thames, from Chelsea to Shadwell or the Docks—the region that has for its main arteries King's Road, Oxford Street, Holborn, Cheapside, Fleet Street, and the Strand. That is not like anything else either in England or elsewhere. The guide-books do not hint of half its wonders. Old Londoners do not pretend to know all its pockets and hidden corners. Half the centuries of the Christian era have left their monuments or their tatters there, as if in the procession of time some participants in each age had gone astray in the maze of streets and been left behind. Many conspicuous landmarks of history have made way for progress, and it is well enough to shed tears over them, but few persons who have not actually walked those streets and alleys have any idea what a host of equally notable legacies of time remain. It is not my purpose to tune a lay to either sentimental or historic chords. I hope to remain the one man who has written about sight-seeing in London without twanging the old, old strings that lead from the National Gallery to Westminster Abbey, and from the lying stone that proclaims Oliver Goldsmith dead to the old hall in Middle Temple Lane where some say *Twelfth Night* was first played, where some say it was not, and where some one else may sing about it for you, not I.

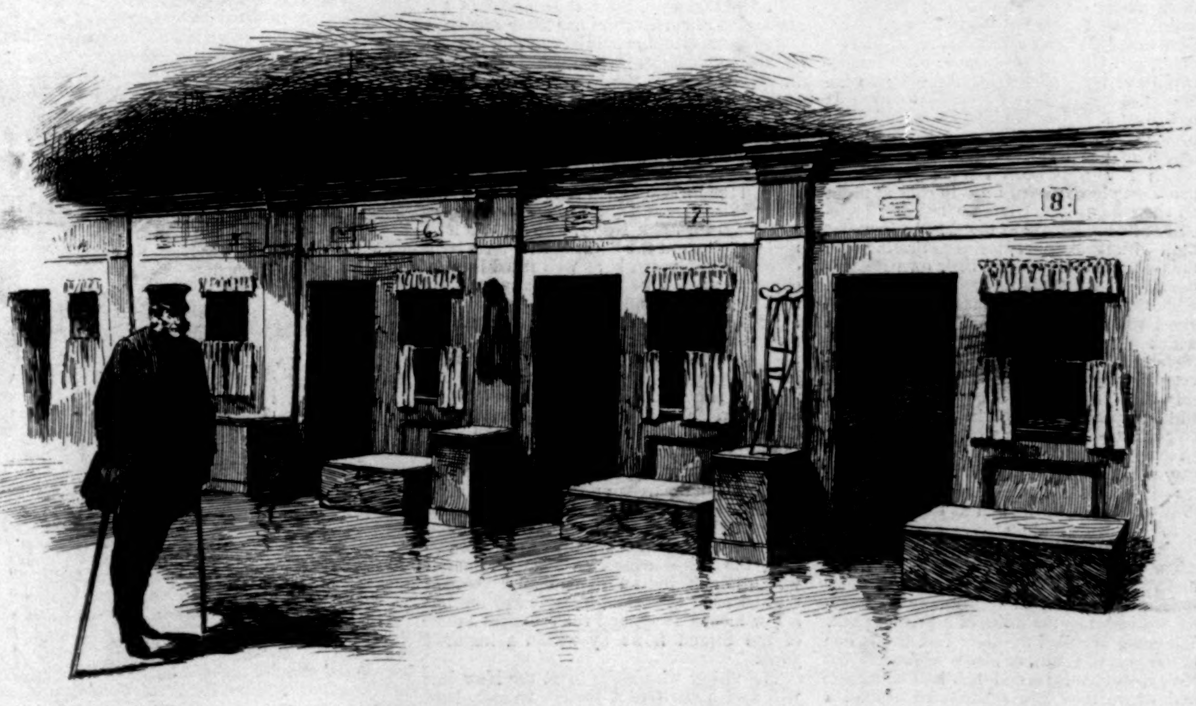
If I was able to show some residents of the city queer relics of ancient London that they had not known of, it was because of my habit of poking about on foot. You see nothing much from a hansom, and from a 'bus you see no more than your laziest companion. But Shanks's mare will take you wherever you list, and I early discovered that the most profitable course was to drive that steed down every alleyway and through every gate. The streets of London miss its rarest treasures; the alleys lead to many of them; but the gates are as valuable to a keen sight-seer as Aladdin's lamp was to its owner. London is full of gateways. They are not iron gates such as you see in a cemetery fence, nor queer old studded swinging doors such as old-fashioned fortresses and ancient castles had. That is the trouble. They are nearly all such commonplace holes in the wall, so like an entrance to a livery-stable or to a rear tenement at home, that the chances are ten to one in favor of your not noticing them at all.

If they were all like the gate to Lincoln's Inn Fields, or the Middle Temple, or the Marble Arch, there would be no trouble about seeing all the wonders of London easily. But, in fact, they are mainly mere enlarged doorways, like the one that leads to the old Cheshire Cheese, on Fleet Street. Every tourist knows that, and having found it once, has had to ask a policeman for it the next time afterward, when boastfully taking some friends to see the place.

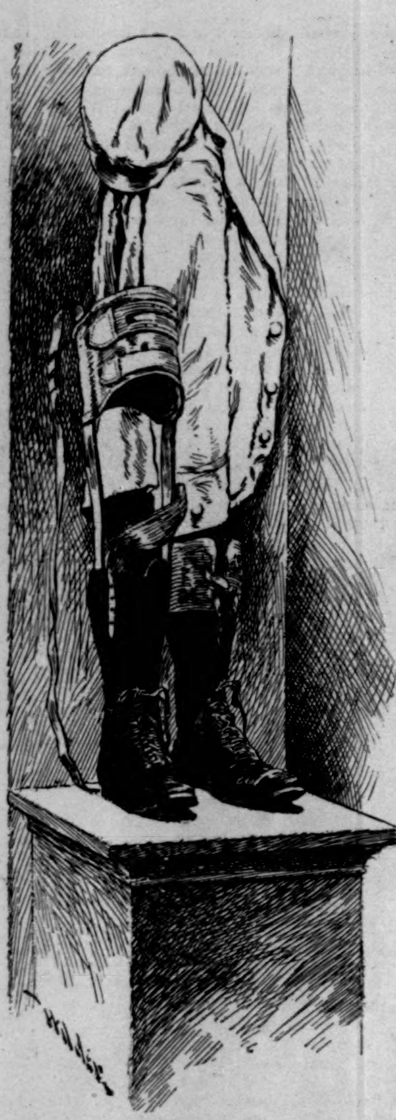


PORTER'S LODGE AT THE NEW INN.

The first gateway of note that I investigated led to the Old Roman Bath. Like most of these portals, it is a passage through the lower story of a house. By means of it you step from the nineteenth century back to Elizabeth's time, for the little alleyway before you was a lane to the Thames-side in the days of Queen Bess, when the Strand was the river-bank, and was lined with palaces. One of those palaces yet remains, and is improperly called Wolsey's Palace. It is a barber's shop now. But the first house in the lane I speak of carries the mind back beyond our system of computing time. One day a trifling number of hundreds of years ago the Earl of Essex discovered that what had been used as a boat-house in this spot was in reality a bath. The method of its construction and the peculiar bricks that formed its walls left no doubt that it was the work of the Romans. He thenceforth used it as a bath, and it remains to-day practically as the Romans built it—a little brick box sunk in the ground, and fed with singularly clear spring-water that has the color and sparkle of tons of tiny emeralds. A house has been built around and over it, and the bath is in a basement chamber, which gets a dungeonish light from a little grated window above one's head at the street level. The basin is a dozen feet long by half as many wide, and the water has a depth of five feet. The bricks that form its sides are very narrow and fourteen inches long. No one is allowed to bathe in this most ancient place, but the curious are permitted to run the narrowest risks of typhus fever by drinking the water, which comes from no one knows where, and through no one knows what. There is another bath that is used as one,



PENSIONERS' CABINS IN CHELSEA HOSPITAL.



AT THE DOOR OF A PENSIONER'S CABIN, CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

and it is in the very next room to the Roman relic. It has a larger basin, framed in marble. Essex built it for himself, and caused a private entrance to be made to it for the convenience of Queen Elizabeth. That doorway is now bricked up, but its form is plainly visible. Besides these notables, we know that Charles Dickens was fond of refreshing himself in this junior basin.

If, after leaving this queer handiwork of Cæsar's attendants, the man of to-day will go down the Strand, he will see the two churches that stand in the middle of the busiest thoroughfare in the world. And, by-the-way, the very oddest thing of this sort that I saw in London is a little house, that may once have been a tavern, rising out of the cobble-stones in the middle of Whitechapel Road, a street that is very like the Bowery in New York. There is a strong desire to pull down these churches in the Strand, but there is also a will to have them remain, and just at present this latter, conservative side of the controversy finds expression in a popular fund to restore and strengthen the old edifices. The second of these churches is St. Clement Danes, to which Falstaff referred when he said, "We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow." Just where that church stands, two queer little ancient streets run into the Strand. One of these every one knows. It is Holywell Street, where the second-hand booksellers are congregated. But only the length of one house back is Wych Street, which few Americans have seen, though many may have passed up it in cabs at night on their way to the Olympic Theatre. Several of its houses are of the Elizabethan era, built with their upper stories projecting over the pavement and beyond their own ground-floors. They remain just as they were built, with the same narrow massive doors and great sashes of tiny window-panes, from which the loveliest ladies of another age waved their handkerchiefs to knights in velvet riding by beneath dancing plumes.

In this quaint street is one of the gates of which I speak. I marvel how I found it, for no guide-book refers to what it leads to. At all events, there it is, and by means of it one may step out of London and into the country—into a little village tucked away in the greatest city on earth, and as separate from it, to all intents and purposes, as if it were a day's journey off. You draw a long breath when you have taken those few steps, and find yourself beside a rustic common, under shade trees, and in an atmosphere as peaceful and calm as the quiet of a private park. The place is called the New Inn, and is one of the Inns of Court, or places where lawyers have their chambers and their hall or chapel, and where they live sequestered around a little park of their own, free to study, or to receive their friends or clients, beyond the bustle of the city. There are no such places in any other city I have been to, and though there are many in London, none is so picturesque, or so fortunately removed from the beaten paths of London's crowds, as this New Inn. Its ground includes several acres, and is in the form of a court, enclosed on three sides by the chambers of the lawyers, in modest brick buildings, which London's smoke has caused to look more ancient than they are. On the fourth side is the Hall, plain without and severe within, yet well worth a visit. Its only modern appurtenance is the clock. The timepiece that used to hang on the wall went 129 years without stopping, and then, quite suddenly, refused to keep time longer. Panelled wainscoting, six feet high, faces the walls, and the ceiling is stuccoed. A screen stands before the door, and in the great room are two long tables guarded by rows of heavy old carved chairs upholstered in leather. The ancient staff of the society, a curious old baton with a head of solid silver, is treasured in this place. Here the students are compelled to dine twice in each term, a custom pertaining, with variations, to all the Inns of Court, and that has given rise to the popular theory that to be a lawyer it is only necessary to eat so many dinners. The rest of the New Inn is the park, a square, well-kept lawn, shaded with many trees, and traversed by a clean, neatly ordered roadway.

The porter's lodge at the gate is peculiar. Its principal appointment is a huge leather chair with a concave top, or hood, of padded leather. It is like a sentry-box with a seat in it; over it, on the wall, hang the arms of the Inn—a field vert, a flower-pot argent, and three clove-pinks. One old doorway to chambers in the Inn has attracted architects from all over the world. The top of it is surmounted by a concave arch of brick, so exactly and delicately mitred that no joiner-work excels it in niceness.

The history of this queer bit of ancient English soil that all the greed and growth of London has overlooked is well worth summarizing. To this place the law students in St. George's Inn, Seacale Lane, near Newgate, moved in 1484. They had a grant of the land from Sir George Fincox, sometime Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. They were to pay £6 a year, "for more could not be gotten out of them, much less would they be put therefrom." In 1735 the Benchers of the Middle Temple brought an action for ejectment against the authorities of the New Inn because the New Inn's members claimed freehold and would pay no rent. The suit was compromised, and the matter ended in the acceptance of a lease from the Middle Temple for 300 years, dated October 25, 1745, at £4 a year. The property is vested in trustees appointed by the "members and antients of New Inn." There are nine antients and 28 members. The antients are old members who gain that title by being proposed and seconded by the members. After notice of such action has hung one term the antients elect the nominee or not, as they please. A member is a solicitor practising in the New Inn. Sir Thomas More was a student here, and I saw Mr. Justice Chitty walking in the little park when I accidentally stumbled upon the place.

Until recently this great estate, which still pays a rental of twenty dollars a year, was beyond the jurisdiction of the London police. It is not now so in name, but it is practically so to-day, for John Noble, who guards it at night, crying out the hours as they have been cried for 406 years, is as well fitted in physique to protect the peace as any stalwart man in England, and when he locks the gate at ten o'clock he locks the police out; indeed, they never go in, any more than they do in the yard of Buckingham Palace, unless they are called in. I have said before that as far as noise is concerned London is as quiet as an American village. To emphasize that discovery one needs only to go to the New Inn at night when Mr. Noble shuts the gate. Then, pulling a chair out upon the gravel road beneath the trees, and taking in the rural scene about you, with the yellow gas lamps flickering here and there across the common, and the only sound that of a soft breeze rattling the leaves overhead, you will find it very difficult indeed to convince yourself that Charing Cross and Temple Bar are but a few blocks away, and the ceaseless bustle of the Strand flows by within a hundred yards.

The visitor who looks in at the New Inn will find himself in a perfect treasure-land of memory and its monuments. Just above stood old Wych Court, where Jack Sheppard learned the art of thieving. Behind the Inn is that curious slum called Clare Market, on the edge of which are still standing Dickens's Old Curiosity Shop and the Old Black Jack Tavern. Lincoln's Inn Fields and Bow Street, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, are all huddled close by.

On the day when I made acquaintance with this peculiar retreat in the heart of London, I was on my way to St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, to learn what I could about the "Ancient Society of College Youths." Many Americans know this noble, cathedral-like pile because it is believed that the ancestors of John Harvard, for whom Harvard University was named, were officers and communicants there; that John Harvard's father was buried there, and he was himself baptized in that church. There the remains of the poet Gower lie interred. There Henry IV. "gave away at the church door" Lucia, the daughter of the Lord of Milan, to the last Earl of Kent, Lord High Admiral of England. There, too, James I. of Scotland wedded Jane, the Earl of Somerset's daughter. The church lies in a hollow at the farther end of London Bridge, from which one may look over and down upon it. Its construction, ornaments, tombs, and tablets are all deeply interesting, but it was as the head-quarters of the Ancient Society of College Youths that it attracted me. You never can tell what any name means in England, or always how it is pronounced. The true name of St. Saviour's is "St. Mary Overies," and you may take your choice of whether "Overies" means "of the ferry," or *ofer*, meaning "on the brink of," the *rie* meaning the Thames. Just so the Society of College Youths really means the society of change-ringers, *i. e.*, men who ring the changes on church bells. The society was founded in 1637, and endowed by two titled philanthropists to promote artistic bell-ringing. It is undoubted that originally the change-ringers were college students. To-day they are working-men attracted by the low subscription fee and the opportunity to earn extra money for light work on special occasions. Americans would be astonished at the amount of church-bell uproar that is permitted in London. A patriotic curate seizes every birthday in the royal family, and every other occasion that pleases him, for having the bells in his steeple "thrashed" as only a London change-ringer can do it. The reader, of course, understands the difference between ringing the changes and chiming—the one being clangor, the other music. The ringers get two dollars every time they are called upon, but are obliged to serve gratuitously on Sundays. They meet in St. Saviour's to practise, and a rival society, the result of dissension among the College Youths, meets in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, that high-steepled, smoky church at Trafalgar Square wherein Nell Gwynne lies buried. St. Saviour's and St. Paul's have twelve bells, and other large peals are in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Bow Church, St. Bride's, off Fleet Street, and two or three other churches. One man can ring three bells in churches where there are no more, but where great peals are hung it is the custom to have a man at each bell.

And now go with me to one other queer "find" of mine in London, from the noise of jangling bells to the quiet of a soldiers' retreat, where are gathered hundreds of old pensioners, who wear a uniform that betokens peace and rest, who have answered their last roll-call, and who know war and carnage only as a glorious memory. The retreat is the Chelsea Hospital, which every one must have passed who has gone with reverent spirit to tread the length of Cheyne Walk, with its memories of Carlyle and George Eliot, both of whose houses are still standing near by, neighbors of the picturesque little box on whose rail-enclosed roof, above a mass of ivy that hides all but the windows, Turner studied the scenery of the Thames, and made his name immortal. The little ancient parish church, the park-like Embankment, the quiet river, and the modest homes of Chelsea make it a restful place to run to from the confusion of the town. Yet this also is in the heart of London, that marvellous aggregation of parks and gardens, of private grounds and of public resorts, that are of all sizes and scattered in every part. You may approach the hospital through its own great lawn-covered grounds or through the adjoining Ranelagh Gardens, the identical pleasure-grounds where the contemptible lover of the Vicar of Wakefield's daughter tired of painted beauty. Very queerly, as it seemed to me, while I walked up the noble avenue that leads to the gardens, two fair young girls walking ahead of me spoke so loudly that it was impossible for me to help hearing them. They had just seen a handsome young fellow whipping his boots with his cane as he talked to a young lady in the roadway. At the sight, one clutched the other's arms, and this is what she said:

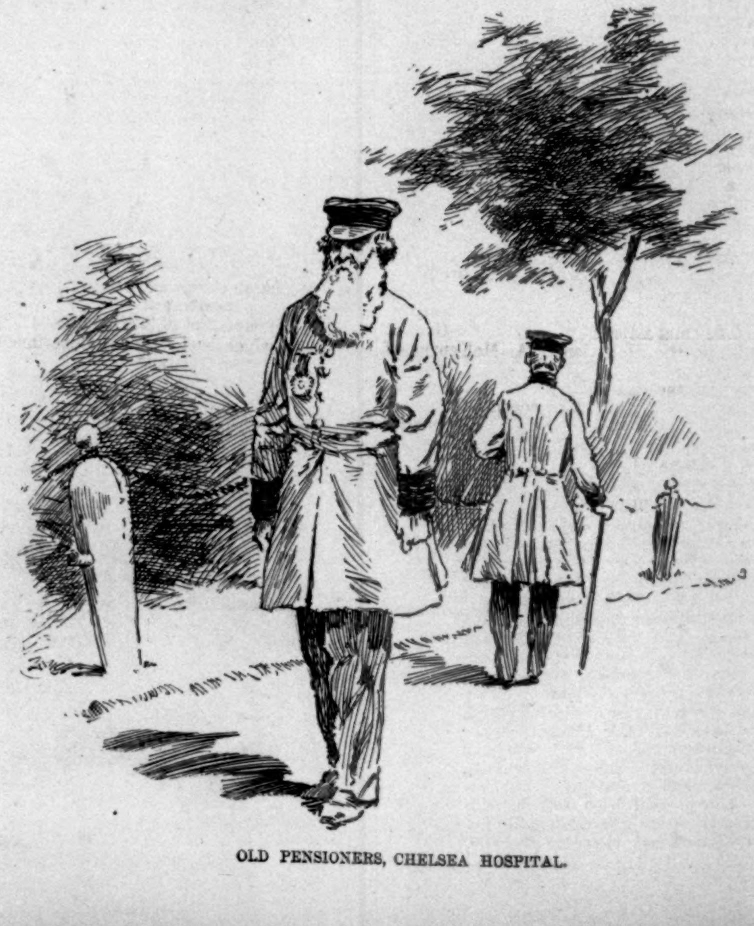
"Oh, Susie! It is he; it is really, really he, and he's talking to his sister. Now don't you flush."

"How absurd! As if I should!" said the other.

Poor thing! she was scarlet as she spoke.

I liked to have that happen in among my thoughts of Goldsmith's story, and somehow I sprang along with a lighter heart and buoyant thoughts of home, scarcely seeing the grand avenue, with its four rows of stately trees, the majestic lawns and pretty paths, and the luxuriant gardens farther on. And so I came to Chelsea Hospital, built by Charles II. 200 years ago, at the request of Nell Gwynne, the people say, though the commissioners deny it, with a touch of wounded pride, in their hand-book. The hospital is a very large and impressive building, with a theatrical statue of Charles II. in front of it, in the centre of the hollow square, around three sides of which the main building with its wings reaches. It is that main building that interests most sight-seers, because of the battle-flags that hang in the two great rooms, called the chapel and the hall, which practically monopolize that third of the hospital—flags so tattered that they have had to be sewed inside fine netting to preserve their fragments.

But the most peculiar thing to me about the hospital is that every pensioner has a little house of his own, and all the houses stand in rows, one row down each of the long halls, or wards, of the institution. If some of the houses had happened to be stores for the sale of merchandise, it would seem like a little toy city or a collection of toy streets. Each pensioner's house is one story high, and has a window and a door. Through these openings you see the old fellow's bed against the wall, his table at the end of the bed; his chest is under the window outside the house. Every house is numbered in white figures on a black disk, and over each door, instead of a simple door plate, is a sort of sign, reading, "Edward Carroll, late of the 19th Foot," or "John Jones, late Royal Fusileers," or whatever the pensioner's name and



OLD PENSIONERS, CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

former regiment may be. These houses are variously kept, just as real houses are. Some are bare and uninteresting, some are gay with pictures, some contain pots of flowers in bloom. The great oak halls along which these little cabins stand side by side are like streets, in which the pensioners walk up and down, or sit outside their doors to gossip or to doze. The Chelsea veterans are very peculiarly dressed. They wear voluminous long-skirted red coats with large gold buttons, big blue caps with the letters "R. H." in red cloth on each cap, and dark blue trousers with a fine red stripe down the outside of each leg. There are about 540 veterans in this "Royal Hospital" (for that is its true name, though no one calls it so), and they have board and clothing and tobacco money given to them. They do all the work of the hospital, and are paid for that, and 170 of them tend that number of small plots in the grounds, and sell what they cultivate. Originally this hospital was for all army pensioners; but the number has grown so numerous that 160 are outside the institution for every one who is in it, and those who are in are merely the blind, the aged, the paralyzed, the sick, and the homeless.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The preparations for the "World's Columbian Exposition" are at last assuming definite shape. The important matters of the choice of site and the selection of Director-General have been disposed of by the action of the National Commission at its recent session in Chicago, commencing on September 15th. The man on whom the chief responsibility for the conduct of the Fair will rest is Colonel George R. Davis, of Chicago, who was the choice both of the local Board of Directors and of the commission. The former body submitted his name to the latter, who ratified the nomination by a vote of 50 to 44 for General Hastings, of Pennsylvania, who was nominated by one of the commissioners. The election was immediately made unanimous.

Colonel Davis has an honorable record, and is credited with the possession in large measure of the traits of character necessary to the successful administration of the chief executive office of the great undertaking. Among these are clearness of judgment, promptness in decision, determination in purpose, a knowledge of men, and tact in dealing with them. He was born at Three Rivers, Palmer, Massachusetts, on January 3, 1840, and educated in the public schools and at Williston Seminary, where he graduated in 1860. Entering upon the study of law, he was admitted in due course, but in 1860 forsook his chosen profession to join the Union army. He enlisted in the Eighth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, and soon became a Captain. With this regiment, which was part of the Eighteenth Corps, he served in the North Carolina campaign until 1863, when he resigned his commission, went to Massachusetts, and organized a battery of light artillery. Subsequently he was Captain in the Third Rhode Island Cavalry, and was promoted to Major. This regiment he commanded in some of the principal battles of the war. Colonel Davis carries the scars of several wounds received in the service. At the close of the contest he became a resident of Chicago, still retaining his interest in military matters. He took a leading part in the organization of the local militia, and was made commander of the First Regiment of Infantry, Illinois National Guard, and senior Colonel in the State service. In 1876 he was nominated for Congress by the Republicans of his district, and defeated, though running largely ahead of the Presidential ticket. Two years later he was more successful, and was elected. He was re-elected in 1880, and again in 1882. At present Colonel Davis holds the position of Treasurer of Cook County, of which Chicago is the seat. The fact that he is a Republican is unfavorably commented on by some who are opposed to him in politics; but the commission which elected him is equally divided as to party, and in his speech of thanks to that body he said that he would keep this circumstance steadily in view, abstain from partisanship, and manage the Exposition on purely business principles.

The chief assistant of the Director-General will be the Hon. James A. McKenzie, of Kentucky, in virtue of his being vice-chairman of the Executive Committee. A majority of this body, which consists of twenty-six members—half of whom are Democrats and half Republicans—will sit permanently in Chicago. President Palmer, of the full commission, is chairman, but will be too much taken up with other duties to serve often, if at all, in that capacity. Mr. McKenzie has taken an active and creditable part in the preliminary work of the Exposition, having been chairman of the Sub-Committee on Permanent Organization. His home is at Longview, Kentucky. He was born in Christian County, in that State, and educated at Centre College, Danville. Though by occupation a farmer, he has read law, and been licensed to practise. He was a member of the State Legislature from 1867 to 1872, and member of Congress from 1877 to 1883. He will devote his whole time and energy to his present position.

A long season of doubt and difficulty was experienced before the question of site was settled. There were conflicting interests in Chicago, which caused more or less controversy, but the decision of the local Board of Directors was that the Lake Front Park, which lies abreast of the business portion of the city, should be used for the permanent buildings and certain features of the display, while Jackson Park, between six and seven miles away, should furnish accommodations for the rest. Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, who was invited to express the opinion of an expert, threw a damper for a time on the anticipations indulged in as to the use of Jackson Park by stating that but 112 acres of it were available for the purposes of the Fair; but the buoyant Chicago spirit seemed soon to rise superior to that discouragement. The main trouble related to obtaining the use of the Lake Front Park and its projected extension. The city and State governments and the Illinois Central Railroad Company were all parties whose consent was necessary. The legislation needed was finally secured, but the railroad company had not yet come to terms when the National Commission demonstrated, by flatly declining to permit the Fair to be divided into two widely separated sections, that all the time and labor spent on the Lake Front negotiations had been wasted. The suddenness and completeness with which the purposes of the Chicago Board of Directors were squelched in this particular serve to illustrate the very subordinate position of that body with respect to the national one.

The objections of the municipal authorities being overcome, it is agreed now by all concerned that Jackson Park and its neighbor Washington Park (both described in a previous number of this periodical) shall be the site of the Fair. These two areas of public property lie close together, some seven miles south of the Court-house, and are united by a broad boulevard, Jackson Park being on the lake shore, and Washington Park just west of it. As many connections between the two as may be desired can be established, or the intervening land for that matter can doubtless be secured if wanted. Ample room for all needs is thus furnished. The steam railroad and cable and horse-car communications are numerous, while the Grand and Drexel boulevards and other broad pleasure drives supply further means of access. On the Jackson Park side there can be transportation by lake also.

There seems now to be nothing to prevent the Fair organization from going on with its work. The provisional bill for a State constitutional amendment authorizing the city of Chicago to issue bonds to the amount of $5,000,000 was adopted by the Legislature in the last days of July, and signed by the Governor on August 5th. The remote possibility that it will not be sanctioned by the people causes no uneasiness. The condition of money matters was reported on September 6th to be as follows: The first subscription of $5,000,000 is completed, and of this $950,000 has been paid in. Of the second $5,000,000 subscription, $500,000 has been pledged, and $20,000 paid in. At the date mentioned there was $850,000 in the treasury, which was on deposit in 12 good banks, and drawing interest. The salaries of the chief officers were fixed at the recent meeting. The President of the Commission, Thomas W. Palmer, of Michigan, is to receive $12,000 annually; the Secretary, John T. Dickinson, of Texas, $10,000; and the Director-General, George R. Davis, of Illinois, $15,000. A feature to be known as the "Woman's Department of the World's Columbian Exposition" has been instituted, and a delegate and alternate for each State, and delegates and alternates at large, appointed. They are called, somewhat unhappily, "Lady Managers."

The National Commissioners will assemble again in November, when, it is expected, the plans for the preparation of the grounds and buildings will be submitted to them by the Board of Directors for approval. It is hoped that by the middle of that month all will be in readiness for the commission to report to the authorities at Washington that every requisition of the act of Congress relating to the Fair has been met. Then it will be in order for the Executive to issue invitations to other nations of the world to participate. On August 19th President Harrison approved the designation of ten well-known and competent men as members of a "Board of Control and Management of the Government Exhibit," in which each Cabinet Department, the Smithsonian Institute, and the United States Fish Commission are represented; of this body the Hon. Edwin Willets, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, is chairman.

The impression conveyed to the casual observer hitherto by the movements of those officially concerned in the Fair has been that of a lot of people suddenly given a task to perform without any definite conception as to how it was to be done. Though the act of Congress establishing the relations of the National Commission and the Chicago Board of Directors is reasonably clear, not a little misunderstanding appears to have existed in regard to them. Members of both bodies have been travelling here and there in quest of general information as to fairs, which, it would seem, might have been obtained in one place about as well as another. Individuals have been sent abroad for data already in possession of people on this side of the water, or which could be readily secured from our consuls, and charges of want of judgment and extravagance have, in part, led to the resignation of Vice-President Bryan of the directory, who relinquished thereby a salary of $15,000 a year. But out of an apparent chaos order is being evolved, and the various parts of the machinery are settling down into their proper places.

There has been an active interest manifested in the great occasion in numerous unofficial quarters, and much advice and many suggestions have been advanced. The orthodox religious element has repeatedly forwarded resolutions against opening the gates on Sundays. Workingmen's organizations have sent in their views as to hours of labor, etc. An effort was made at the recent special session of the Illinois Legislature to render the operation of its Fair bill conditional upon the exclusion of alien workmen (save those directly under the charge of foreign exhibitors), and the limitation of labor to eight hours. It was not successful as to compulsion, but the act "recommends" that this policy be pursued. The American Federation of Labor has issued an invitation to wage-workers the world over to send delegates to an International Labor Congress to be held in Chicago at the time of the Fair. The dairymen from all parts of the country recently, in convention, appointed a committee to secure unity of action in their exhibits. An association has been formed in San Francisco to make special efforts in behalf of the Pacific slope. Utah has applied for ten acres of ground. These and many similar indications augur well for the increasing interest which the people of the United States will take in the Fair as the time for holding it approaches.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

Pennsylvania Avenue is old Washington decked out here and there in new fashions. Not many years ago it was a mile-long flood, or mud, or stretch of dust, according to the season or weather. To-day it wears a white and glaring garb of asphalt, save when the rain blackens it, and makes it shine like the oily faces of the darkies that live along its southern border. One always speaks of the single mile of the street which stretches from the western front of the Capitol grounds to the Treasury building and the back entrance to the White House grounds as if it were the whole avenue, and yet it is not. It takes a second breath in front of the Treasury, at the junction with Fifteenth Street and New York Avenue, and runs on past the White House, the Department of Justice, the War and Navy departments, and so on out to Rock Creek and into Georgetown.

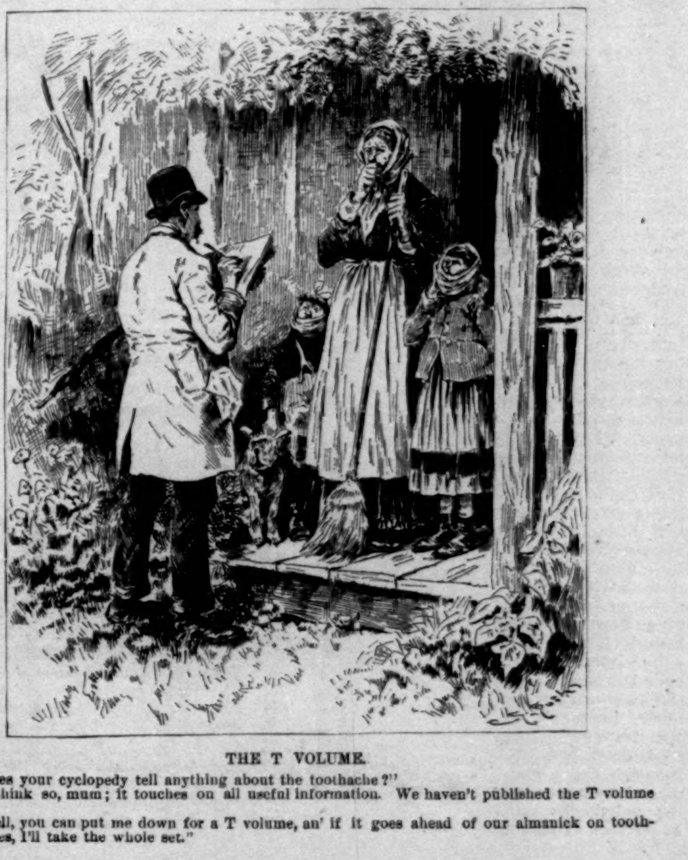
From one end to the other it bears the marks of an early and crude time. The chief ambition of its designer was to make it wide, and he had plenty of room for the indulgence of his fancy. Most of the buildings on each side are low and old-fashioned. They are so far apart that the people who dwell and keep stores on the opposite sides of the avenue are not neighbors. The parallel street in the rear of the buildings on either side is nearer than "across the way." Now and then, as in the structure once used as a Pension Office, there is an architectural effort such as one finds in a smart and hustling town on the frontier. A promenade on this chief thoroughfare of the capital is like a walk afield in one respect—pedestrians have plenty of elbow-room on most occasions, and on rainy days there is a dismal vastness about it which makes one glad to reach the railway station half-way down its length.

There is a tradition that the avenue is a fashionable promenade in the hotels and boarding-houses where dwell those Congressmen who, though they live in the town many years, never become acquainted with the real, distinctive Washington. It is not fashionable, however; it is only popular. It is, or has been, the one shopping street of the city. At present its supremacy is being disputed by F Street, next it on the north. In the morning, from the Treasury to Ninth Street, one may meet society doing what shopping it is compelled to attend to in Washington. Washington is an unfortunate place for ambitious shop-keepers, for those who buy most and whose custom is most profitable do their purchasing elsewhere, and before the season begins. The bulk of the shoppers of Washington are government clerks and the people who are indigenous to the uncommercial town. When the sun is out, there is a gay and bustling crowd on the north side of the avenue. The south side is in the shadow. Its business houses are engaged in wholesale trade in heavy goods like hardware, carriages, and agricultural implements, in pawnbroking, and in dram-selling. The two sides of the avenue have very little to do with one another.

Later in the morning the very few Congressmen who walk to the Capitol add themselves to the shopping throng, and still later the people who fancy that a promenade on the avenue is fashionable throng its sunny sidewalks. Fashionable or not, it is a very interesting crowd of people. The native girl is very pretty, usually very much prettier than the imported product, and, by the time Lent comes, an admirable example of what the enforced sweet reasonableness in hours and diet will do for her who may long but who does not attain to social glories. Southerners, Westerners, country sight-seers, an occasional city man on business bent—these make up the saunterers. The tide ebbs and flows past Willard's to Ninth Street and back. There is one of the long open spaces so frequent in Washington at this point, and they who are out merely for pleasure do not go beyond it.

One who does will find the avenue still more reminiscent of the Washington of the earlier day. The hotels are old, and the people who dwell in them have old-time manners. One of them is chiefly inhabited by people from what used to be the Great West, and is now the Middle West. The other is full of Southerners, who love to lounge in the porch, or to get far out on the sidewalk when the weather is pleasantly hot. In this part of the avenue the buildings are meaner and the occupations are smaller than the buildings and occupations west of Ninth Street. There is a shabby decay visible to the most unobservant eye. The structures make no sky-line at all; the avenue is so wide and they are so low that they form simply raised edges, as it were, to the outlines of the street. Along the curbs of this part of the avenue are the remnants of the old poplar-trees that once adorned its whole length, and whose floating blossoms in the spring fill the eyes with fuzzy dust and pain.

When Washington is called the most beautiful city in the country, Pennsylvania Avenue is not included in the flattering unction. The straggling old village lingers there, smartened up a little, but still recalling the time when the carriages of statesmen floundered through its mud-holes. The beauty of the place is in the newer quarter, where the people live who make the small and charming nucleus of the gigantic and miscellaneous social whirl of the capital. Pennsylvania Avenue has not yet grown up to the finer side of Washington.

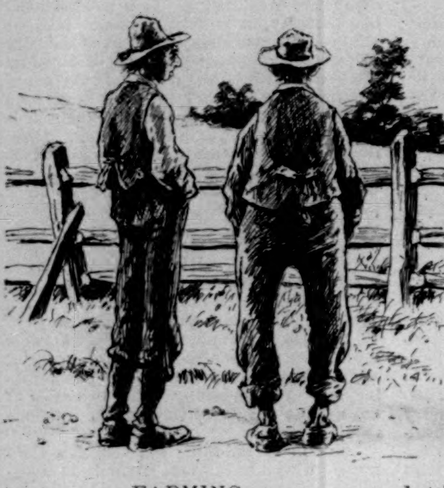


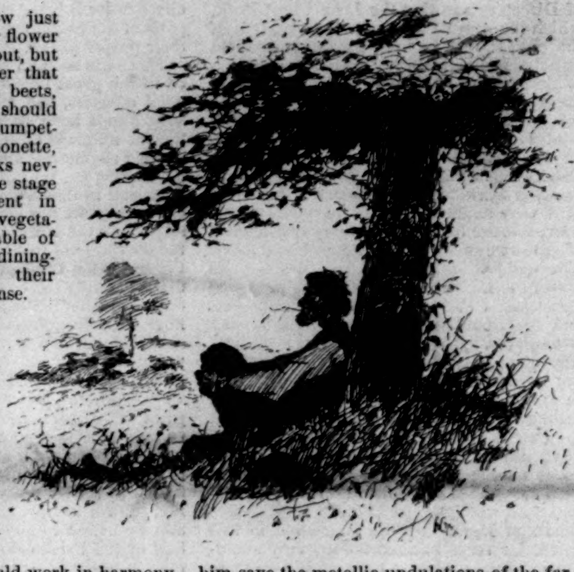
THE T VOLUME.

"Does your cyclopedy tell anything about the toothache?"

"I think so, mum; it touches on all useful information. We haven't published the T volume yet."

"Well, you can put me down for a T volume, an' if it goes ahead of our almanick on toothache cures, I'll take the whole set."

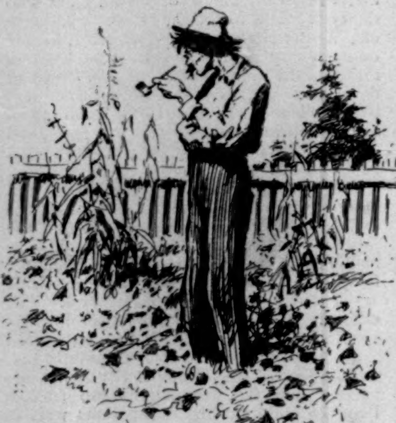




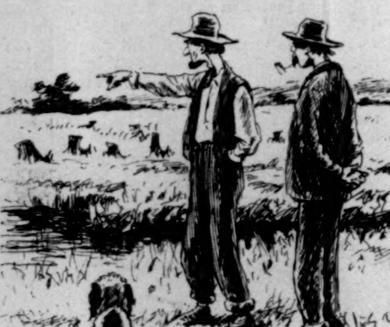
FARMING.

VII.

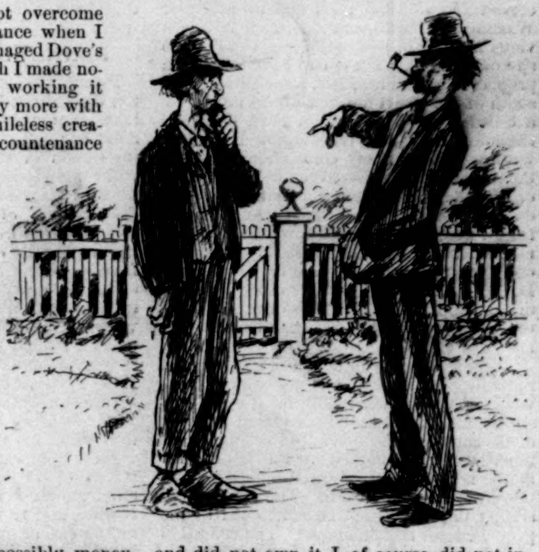
I ALWAYS knew that the sun played an active part in farming, but not until I got into a farming district did I become aware of the fact that the farmers pay no attention whatever to this important luminary, but rather in their studies of the heavenly bodies honor the moon with their entire attention. In all the places in which I had ever lived before, the moon was not considered, save in the suburbs, where the ever-economical township committee would not permit the electric illumination of the streets on moonlight nights.



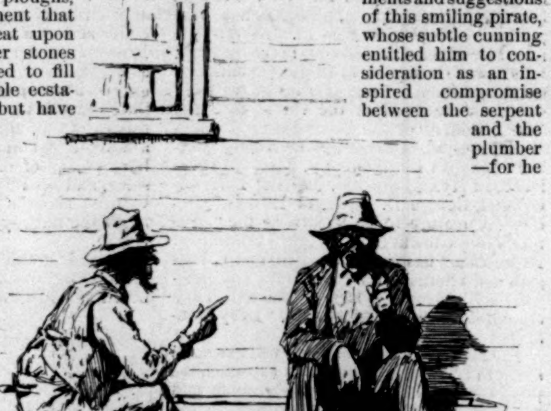
But the farmers regarded it so seriously that after a while I began to fancy that to till the earth in triumph one should be versed in the beautiful mysteries of astronomy. Perhaps it was through my ignorance of this branch of learning that I had not yet achieved a victory over the soil. I therefore concluded that the things that should be done under the influence of a wet moon or a dry moon could be best performed by the man who would work the place on shares. Such a man could tell the nature of a seed by looking at it, and not by consulting the face of the package in which purchased. Had Phillada been blest with this power of discrimination, her little flower-garden at Dove's Nest might have been a thing to go into wildest raptures over. We called it a flower-garden because it was originally intended for one; but it was only a flower-garden in name, inasmuch as the trumpet flower seeds developed into squashes, the mignonette into beets, and the hollyhocks into sweet-corn. I cannot remember now just how the other flower seeds turned out, but I do remember that the squashes, beets, and corn that should have been trumpet-flowers, mignonette, and hollyhocks never reached the stage of development in which those vegetables are capable of filling the dining-room with their steaming incense.



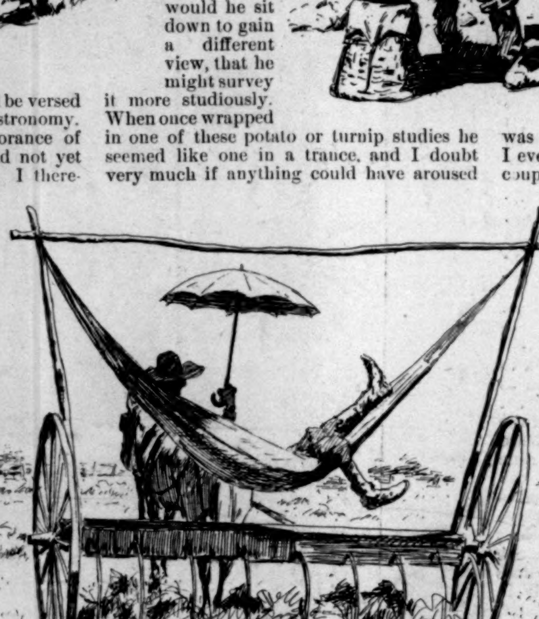
To avoid the repetition of such a catastrophe I thought it time to act upon Phillada's advice, and find a man who could be induced to undertake the management of the farm on shares—a man who could work in harmony with the moon, and cast all necessary horoscopes in a manner unknown to any but the horny-handed professional.



Even at this day I cannot overcome a wild yearning for vengeance when I think of this man who managed Dove's Nest on shares. Although I made nothing out of the place working it alone, I did not make any more with the assistance of this guileless creature, whose calm, serene countenance inspired confidence in him, and amounted simply to spiritual beauty. I am not at all confident yet that he knew more about farm-work than I did myself, as I never detected him in the act of doing any. But he was full of ideas and advice. He could tell you just how you could turn the swamp into a good potato field by blind draining, and how you could find better results by using certain expensive implements, which would also save labor. In short, he was more anxious to save labor than anything else, except, possibly, money and time—to sleep. It was probably owing to this weakness that he acknowledged such a strong preference for sulky ploughs, etc. Any kind of implement that contained a nice easy seat upon which he could bob over stones as though in a boat seemed to fill his soul with ineffable ecstasies. If he could but have found an implement with a hammock attachment I think his happiness would have been complete, and he would have performed most of his farming duty in a gentle doze. I have seen him stand and survey a potatoscape or a turnipscape in a most studious manner. Then would he sit down to gain a different view, that he might survey it more studiously. When once wrapped in one of these potato or turnip studies he seemed like one in a trance, and I doubt very much if anything could have aroused him save the metallic undulations of the far-away dinner bell.



As I was but experimenting with the farm, and did not own it, I, of course, did not invest very extensively in blind drains or implements. But through the mellifluous arguments and suggestions of this smiling pirate, whose subtle cunning entitled him to consideration as an inspired compromise between the serpent and the plumber—for he was about "the subtlest beast of the field" I ever saw—I was rash enough to lay out a couple of hundred dollars, which I never saw again. When the summer came to an end, so did the engagement of "the subtlest beast of the field."



There was nothing to divide, as, I confidently believe, he had all the gain and I the expense. He looked so crestfallen and abused when I pointed a bee-line to the gate, as politely as my feelings would permit, that I for a moment began to imagine that perhaps, after all, I had done him an injustice. I had an expert go over his figures, that appeared to me all right, and found that he had made out of me a sum that I am ashamed to name, owing to a sensitive spirit that cannot wantonly brook the merciless ridicule of friends. Mr. Van Sickle then told me that all good farmers own farms, and only tramp farmers work on shares. He also figured out the commissions he got for ordering implements, and what he must have made out of a surreptitious manipulation of the produce.

He likewise advised me to go to law, but this I would not listen to, as it takes two to make a lawsuit, and in this affair the defendant was wofully lacking, having long ago passed over the rim of yonder distant hill, and evaporated in the offing like a thin midsummer cloud. But anyhow I had got the hawk out of the Dove's Nest.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A REPRIEVE FOR THE CONDEMNED.

WRETCHED men and women, long condemned to suffer the tortures of dyspepsia, are filled with new hope after a few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This budding hope blossoms into the fruition of certainty if the Bitters is persisted in. It brings a reprieve to all dyspeptics who seek its aid. Flatulence, heartburn, sinking at the pit of the stomach between meals, the nervous tremors and insomnia of which chronic indigestion is the parent, disappear with their hateful progenitor. Most beneficent of stomachics! who can wonder that in so many instances it awakens grateful eloquence in those who, benefited by it, speak voluntarily in its behalf. It requires a graphic pen to describe the torments of dyspepsia, but in many of the testimonials received by the proprietors of the Bitters these are portrayed with vivid truthfulness. Constipation, biliousness, muscular debility, malarial fevers, and rheumatism are relieved by it.—[*Adv.*]

A TREMENDOUS ADVANCE.

THE great wave of new life business which has been flooding the reservoirs of THE TRAVELERS of Hartford ever since the beginning of the year, and indeed before, still rolls on with unchecked volume. Not for many years has been such a busy summer, with so little reduction in the volume of work the office force has had to handle. Never has there been such an enormous gain in new business, actually written and held—for this company doesn't "fake" its returns by writing policies on chances, to be thrown back on its hands as "not taken," in order to make a big showing. All its figures are there to stay, and mean profit and prosperity not only for this year, but for years to come.

The total amount of new life insurance written by THE TRAVELERS during 1889 was $8,439,650; and it was a heavy amount for a company whose leading business is in another field. But up to date of writing (Aug. 20), the total since Jan. 1, 1890, has risen above $8,500,000, or more in less than eight months than in twelve last year. These months may be counted on with perfect safety to prefigure the year, for they include dull months and busy months in the community alike; and on this basis we may assume a business for the year 1890 of some Thirteen Millions of Dollars, an increase of more than fifty per cent. in a single year, probably greater than that of any other considerable company in the country, and placing it among the foremost ranks of pure life companies in New England.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

THE POPULAR GAME HALMA is for sale everywhere, or will be sent free to any address upon receipt of one dollar. E. I. HORSMAN, 80 and 82 William Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

AFTER-DINNER DRINK OF THE WORLD is the celebrated Marie Brizard and Roger Anisette, Creme De Menthe, Marasquin, or Curacoa. T. W. Stemmler, Branch House, Union Square, N.Y.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

USE ANGOSTURA BITTERS to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in order.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER IMPROVEMENT.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for any person who has not studied the Mississippi River in all its manifold phases to appreciate the intricacy of the problems it presents, or the magnitude of the operations that are considered necessary to ward off the perils that annually threaten the people of the Mississippi Valley. A city may be considered justly enough in the light of man's refuge from the dangers of nature, and to see one of the leading cities of the United States, having a population of a quarter of a million, threatened with actual destruction by the rise of the waters in front of it, is to realize how feeble man is after all his ages of growth, and how narrow the margin by which he has withdrawn himself from the insecurity of savage life.

To study the great river on maps is something like studying astronomy by charts and orreries. On the largest maps it is little more than a line. From its banks it looks like a sea. Its enormous length, its width, and the almost measureless volume of water it discharges into the ocean are not even indications, however, of the dangers mentioned. These lie in the extreme alternations between high and low water, and in the formation and character of the country through which the river runs. A few words of description will make it easier to understand the nature and extent of the work now in progress under the supervision of the Mississippi River Commission.

The river is the natural main drain of more than half of the United States. The springs, and what may be called the surplus rainfall of (roughly speaking) two million square miles of territory, flow into this great drain, and through it to the sea. The melted snows from the tops of Rocky Mountain peaks are blended with those from the Alleghanies, while both are rushing through tortuous paths to their common grave — the ocean. The springs and mountain rills of Montana and Tennessee find the same outlet, as their waters flow on in the eternal search that water makes for a level.

But it was not always thus. The great valley through which they flow, now the very garden spot of earth, was once an open sea. How many million years ago that was may not even be guessed at now. All we know is that the soil is alluvial; that it has been slowly brought down, atom by atom, from the hill-sides to the east, the north, and the west, and dropped on the way by the water that brought it, and that was too weak to carry it farther. This process is still going on, and it is only necessary, in order to understand it, to study first the sand bars, or mud bars rather, around the Delta at the mouth of the river, and then, going north, to note the gradual change in the character, not of the banks, but of the country back of the banks.

A little thought will make clear the fact that the "Father of Waters" is the father of the land. For hundreds of miles in all directions the ground is all made up of the atoms he has brought, and as he laid them in nature's own order, building up the land, he kept for himself only a pathway to the ocean.

It is the effort to define this pathway, and to confine the mighty river to it, that the Mississippi River Commission is engaged in. It is a work of almost inconceivable magnitude — it is not supposed that less than $75,000,000 will be needed to put it even in approximately good shape—but it would be comparatively simple if the conditions did not vary so greatly in different seasons. The variation, however, is something that cannot be appreciated without being seen. One cannot write about the Mississippi without free use of superlatives, for the river itself and all its changes, that seem, like the freaks of a wayward woman, the product of ill-regulated human thought, are superlative. A difference of 52 feet between high and low water marks would give rise to stupendous phenomena if it occurred in the case of a river flowing through a cañon between granite walls. When it occurs as it does with the Mississippi, that has for hundreds of miles no banks excepting such as it has made for itself by piling up alluvium, the phenomena are multiplied a thousandfold. The land on either side, formed as it is, is of necessity low and level, or approximately level, and the water spreading out over the country carries devastation in all directions. This devastation is partially guarded against by the levees that have been built, but it occurs in some degree almost every spring. At low-water the river is a placid stream, strong and rapid indeed, but quiet; at once the slave of man and the highway of traffic for the huge steamboats that carry him and his goods from place to place. At high-water it is a raging flood, impatient of barriers, cruel and remorseless as the grave itself, undoing its own work with mad impetuosity, like a heathen god given into the thraldom of Satan. Its rage is the letting loose of one of nature's greatest forces.

Against this force man has undertaken a defensive warfare. In the untold ages that have passed, we know that there have been races of men who have sprung up, flourished, and passed away in this great valley. There are traces, now buried far underground, of prehistoric peoples. Before the red men, were the mound-builders. Before the mound-builders, there is reason to believe there were other races superior to them, but how many such successions there were cannot be told. One thing only seems tolerably certain. No systematic work of self-defence against the terrors of the annual floods was undertaken by these vanished races; or, if any such work was done, the river has scornfully carried it away or buried it. No trace of it has ever been found, and it is not believed that it ever existed.

As the nineteenth-century habit of performing the impossible became confirmed, however, men began to ask themselves why it was that they did not control this monster, and in a certain crude fashion something was really accomplished early in the century. Labor was cheap in the slavery days, and land was valuable, so each planter erected barriers on or near the river-front of his own ground, over or through which he fondly hoped the river could not break even in times of the highest water. These were called levees. They were simply artificial mud banks, sometimes strengthened with ribs or foundations of timber, sometimes not. So long as they were watched carefully and kept in good repair, they afforded comparative safety to the grounds behind them excepting in the highest floods, and as time went on the common interest of the valley States dictated harmonious action all along both sides of the river.

The development of the levee system brought about the enactment of such local laws as were best calculated to serve the public interest, and gradually the levees became recognized factors of public welfare, and were guarded as jealously as the famous dikes of Holland. The most reckless and negligent planter was forced to keep his own levees in good repair, and in such places as private interest was not sufficiently strong to force the building of these earthworks, the town or the State assumed the burden. Thus grew up, as the slave States increased in wealth and power, a system or chain of levees on either side of the river that afforded fair protection to all the lower part of the valley. At the time of the breaking out of the civil war these levees were in better condition than ever before, and the question seemed to have been solved in a rough practical way, that, if not scientific, was at least sufficiently efficacious.

After the war began, the levees, like all other local matters, were neglected in the anxieties of the great national struggle, and the river, attending to its own business with sublime disregard of mere human affairs, was left unchecked in its swift work of destruction. Long before the four years had expired, the levees had fallen into decay. There were breaks here and there that destroyed the chain, and left the system of little value since it was no longer entire. Doubtless, if slavery had continued, the old works would have been rebuilt, and the subject of improvements would have been left where it was, at least for a generation or more. But there were no more slaves. Labor could only be had by purchase, and the planters were poor, too poor in many instances to maintain their families, and anything in the way of expensive public works was utterly beyond their reach.

It was urged by many persons that the general government should renew the levees, but this doctrine was so essentially non-democratic that it was not even seriously considered at Washington. The people at large could not in any constitutional way be taxed for a work that was essentially local in character, and that conferred only local benefits. Manifestly, however, something had to be done, and as the people of the valley were unable to do it, a way had to be found to meet the difficulty. The Mississippi River is one of the great highways of the commerce of the world, and it was determined that the United States should undertake its improvement as a navigable stream.

The first work of importance in this direction that was undertaken was that which Captain Eads accomplished in building the famous jetties at the sides of the South Pass, securing a safe, direct approach through deep water from the Gulf of Mexico to the city of New Orleans. In the conception and the prosecution of this work, Captain Eads committed himself entirely to one of the three theories which have been advanced as to the proper course to pursue, and the success of his work is cited triumphantly by the present commission as a vindication of that theory.

For there are three theories, as widely different as any three could be, on this complicated question. The one which has been adopted is that the water should be restricted within certain boundaries in the course of its flow, so that by its own force and velocity it shall keep its own bed scoured out, and maintain a navigable depth throughout its course. There are few great rivers swifter in running than the Mississippi, and it is urged that if its course be properly directed, so that it shall not spread out into lakes, and so lose its rapidity for a distance, the water will not only carry off the sediment with which it is charged when it reaches the valley, but will carry with it some portion also of the soft mud of the bottom, already deposited there by the water that has passed before.

Practically, it is doubtful whether this theory has entirely vindicated itself. Captain Eads did, it is true, establish a channel from New Orleans to the sea, and he had adopted this theory, but the water did not perform the work he expected of it. A great stream was flowing through the South Pass, and it was thought that if this stream should be made narrower it would by its own force become deeper, so the jetties were built. The primary result was the exact opposite to what had been expected. The water, finding its old path narrowed, followed its confirmed habit of seeking the line of least resistance, and in a short time it was found that the obstructions in the South Pass were actually improving the channel in the Southwest Pass. This might have been considered a partial demonstration of the correctness of the theory, unexpected as it was in the way of a result, but it was by no means gratifying to Captain Eads. Several million dollars remained contingent upon the improvement of the South Pass, and he treated the wayward river with both coercion and coaxing. He put a submerged dam across the neck of the Southwest Pass, that the water should not thus get away from him, and he got the most powerful dredging machines ever built, and began clearing out the mud of the South Pass which the water would not carry away for him. This dredging was continued for some years, until the channel was really established. The dredging has now been discontinued for some time, and the channel seems to be maintaining itself.

It is claimed, however, by the believers in the second theory that this appearance is deceptive. The outlet theory, as it is called, has many strenuous advocates, who urge that the only thing to be done with safety to the Mississippi River is to remove obstructions, and to provide new outlets here and there through which the surplus waters of the periodical floods shall find their way easily to the ocean. They argue that anything in the way of an obstruction tends to retard the flow of the water; that even a narrowing of the river-bed at any given point is practically an obstruction, and instead of increasing the scour, really increases the amount of deposit made by the water as it flows, and so tends to choke the river up instead of keeping the channel clear. It is certain that the water of the lower Mississippi is really almost a saturated solution of mud, and that if the water is really retarded, its inevitable tendency is to drop its sediment. These theorists ridicule the alleged success of Captain Eads's work, and declare that the real result of it has been to raise the bed of the river above it. This assertion was boldly made in the recent discussion of the River and Harbor Bill in Congress, but it does not appear to be supported by any actual demonstration of the fact, if it be a fact. The conclusion reached by this school of thinkers is that the entire plan of work of the Mississippi River Commission, to be described hereafter, is radically wrong, and the only result to be looked for from their labors is serious mischief.

The third theory has never been strenuously urged, though it has the sanction of ancient usage in China. It has been conceived possible to hold back the waters which in wet seasons make the floods, and by confining them in great basins or reservoirs to regulate the flow from season to season, rendering droughts and floods, extreme high-water and extreme low-water in the channel alike impossible. Theoretically speaking, this can be done, and it is even pointed out that nature has provided just such a reservoir in one place at least, where, with the aid of comparatively little artificial construction, it would be possible to confine an enormous volume of water for an indefinite period. This is in the St. Francis basin or valley, often called the Sunken Lands of Arkansas. Here, in consequence of earthquakes that occurred early in the present century, the surface of the ground was lowered—it is said more than ten feet. Very probably this is an excessive estimate, for no accurate surveys were recorded. At all events, the basin is there, abounding in lakes and streams, which find their outlet through the St. Francis River into the Mississippi, and there nature herself practises in a wild way this very reservoir theory whenever the floods are remarkably high; for the waters at the juncture of the Ohio and the Mississippi not infrequently break away to the westward and flood the entire sunken district.

The adoption of any such theory as this, however, in dealing with the great problem would mean the undertaking of a work beside which the seven wonders of the world would seem like houses of cards built by babies. It is estimated that 2,200,000 cubic feet of water per second passed the latitude of the mouth of the Red River at the time of the floods of '82. To build reservoirs to confine three-fifths of this water—for three-fifths, at least, was what may be called the surplus water—would be an undertaking before which mankind might well hesitate.

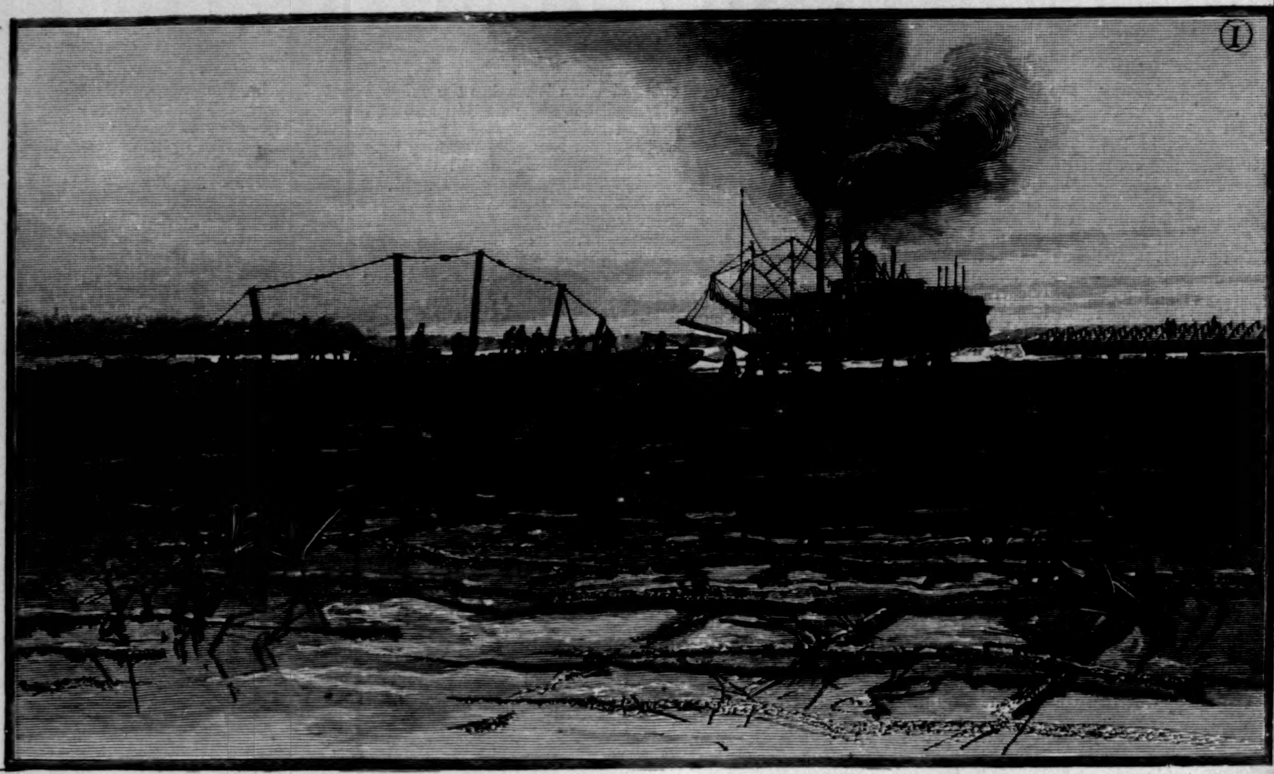
Leaving, then, this idea out of consideration, the only two systems that have been seriously advanced are the restrictive and the open, or the levee and jetty system, and the outlet system. The discussion and the personal bitterness that have been engendered by the difference between the two are hardly worth recapitulation here, since the question is practically settled, at least for some time to come, and the work now begun is not likely to be abandoned, at least until time shall demonstrate the full measure of its value or disadvantage. As was said, the theory adopted is that of restricting and directing the course of the river in the same way, roughly speaking, that Captain Eads worked. The question is one in which no layman is ashamed to confess ignorance, and few venture to argue theories. A striking demonstration of this was made in the recent Congressional debate already alluded to, in which Senators and Representatives by the dozen declared that they did not profess to know what ought to be done. The people of the valley, including the steamboat captains and other veteran "river-men," are, as a rule, equally frank in avowing their ignorance, and the treatment is practically left to the engineers. All that the people know is that something must be done, and they leave the engineers to decide what that something shall be. Among the engineers of the commission no consideration whatever is any longer given to the outlet or the reservoir theories.

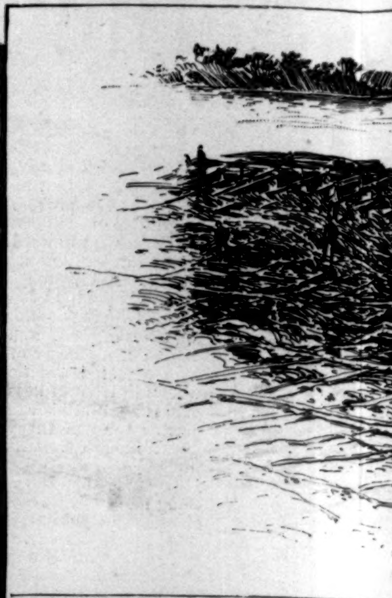
The Mississippi River Commission was created by act of Congress of June 28, 1879, and has therefore done just ten years' work. It is an appropriate time to review the work. It consists, according to the act, of seven persons. The present members are General C. B. Comstock, of the corps of engineers of the United States army, who became president of the commission after the death of General Q. A. Gillmore; Lieutenant-Colonel Charles R. Suter and Major O. H. Ernst, of the same corps; B. M. Harrod, C. E.; S. W. Ferguson, C. E.; and Mr. Robert S. Taylor. The seventh place is vacant, pending the confirmation of the appointment of Mr. Whiting, who has been appointed to take the place left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Davidson, of San Francisco. Both these gentlemen belong to the Coast and Geodetic Survey. The appointments of the commissioners have all been made by the President in accordance with the provisions of the act, which directed that three of the commissioners should be selected from the engineer corps of the army, one from the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and three from civil life, two of whom should be civil engineers. The commission is directed by the act to complete surveys of the entire river, from head waters to mouth, and to "take into consideration and mature such plan or plans and estimates as will correct, permanently locate, and deepen the channel and protect the banks of the Mississippi River; promote and give safety and ease to the navigation thereof; prevent destructive floods; promote and facilitate commerce, trade, and the postal service.... *Provided*, that the commission shall report in full upon the practicability, feasibility, and probable cost of the various plans known as the jetty system, the levee system, and the outlet system, as well as upon such others as they deem necessary."

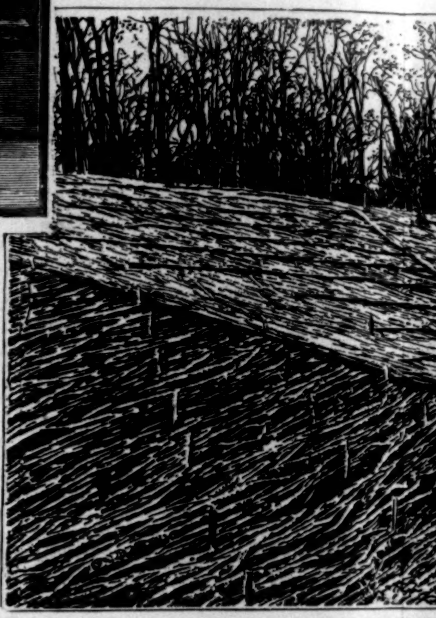
For the expenses of the surveys, examinations, and investigations conducted by the commission for the ten years, but which are still far from complete, considerably over a million dollars have been appropriated and expended. This is entirely independent of the appropriations made for the actual works of improvement which were begun in 1881, and which have cost thus far, in round numbers, some $13,000,000. In the various appropriation bills for this purpose ("River and Harbor bills") the commission has been restricted carefully in the scope of the work to the exact purposes defined in the creating act. In fact, the restriction was drawn still more closely than in that law; for while the original directions included the "prevention of dangerous floods," the commission is not allowed to undertake the special protection of any particular piece of private property.

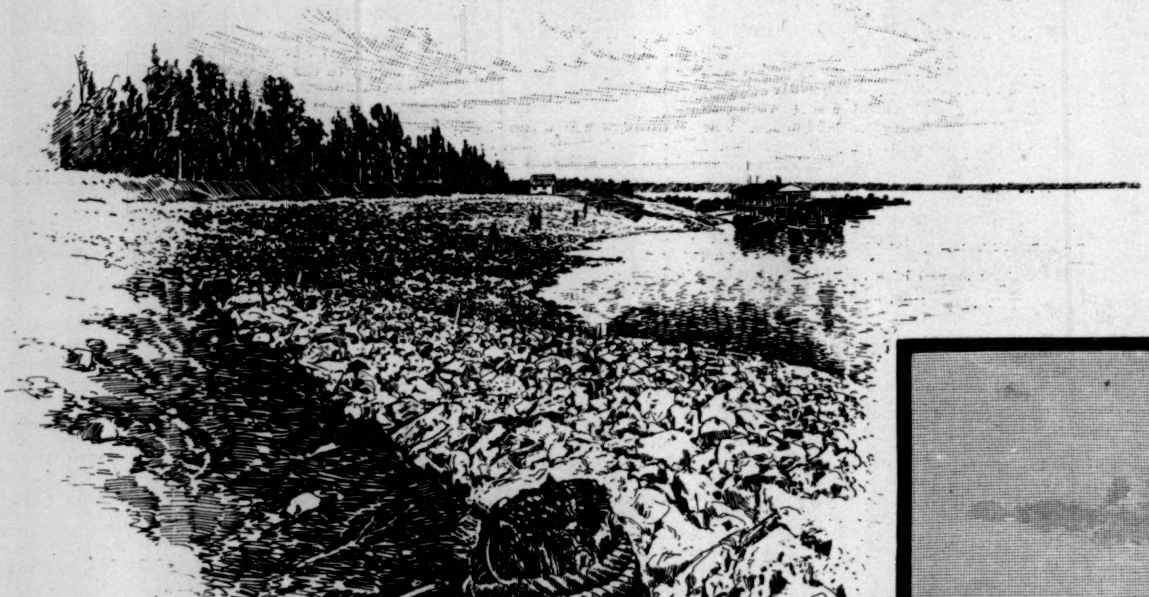
Into each of the appropriation bills have been introduced clauses that read, in substance: "*Provided*, that no portion of this appropriation shall be expended to repair or build levees for the purpose of reclaiming lands or preventing injury to lands by overflows; *Provided, however*, that the commission is authorized to repair and build levees if in their judgment it should be done as a part of their plan to afford ease and safety to the navigation and commerce of the river and to deepen the channel." The object of this restriction is obvious, and has already been alluded to in the mention of the constitutional bar against using the money of the general government for purely local benefits. This strict construction of the Constitution, it is needless to say, is not relished by the inhabitants of the river States, but it is not likely to be relaxed under any administration that may come in power.

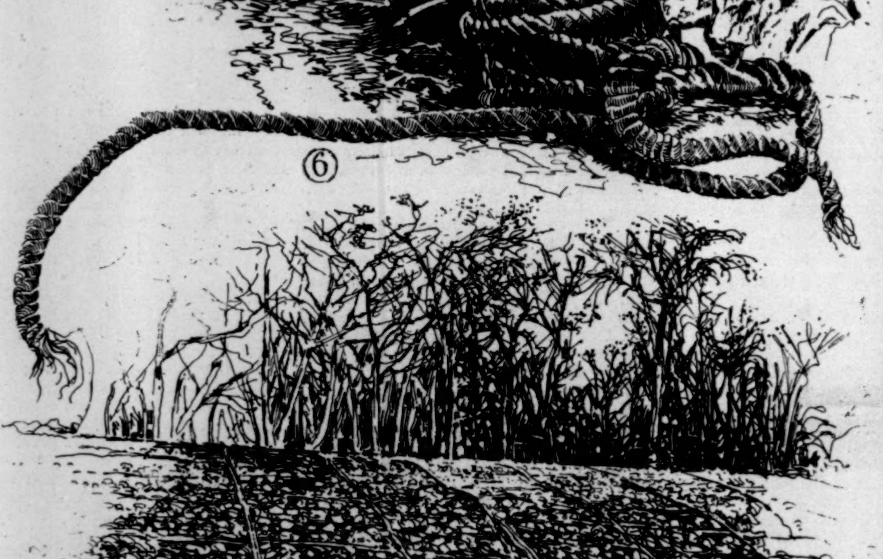
In making the preliminary surveys ordered by Congress, the commission found it had to deal with a work of most extraordinary difficulties, some of which are outlined herein before. It found that the main por-

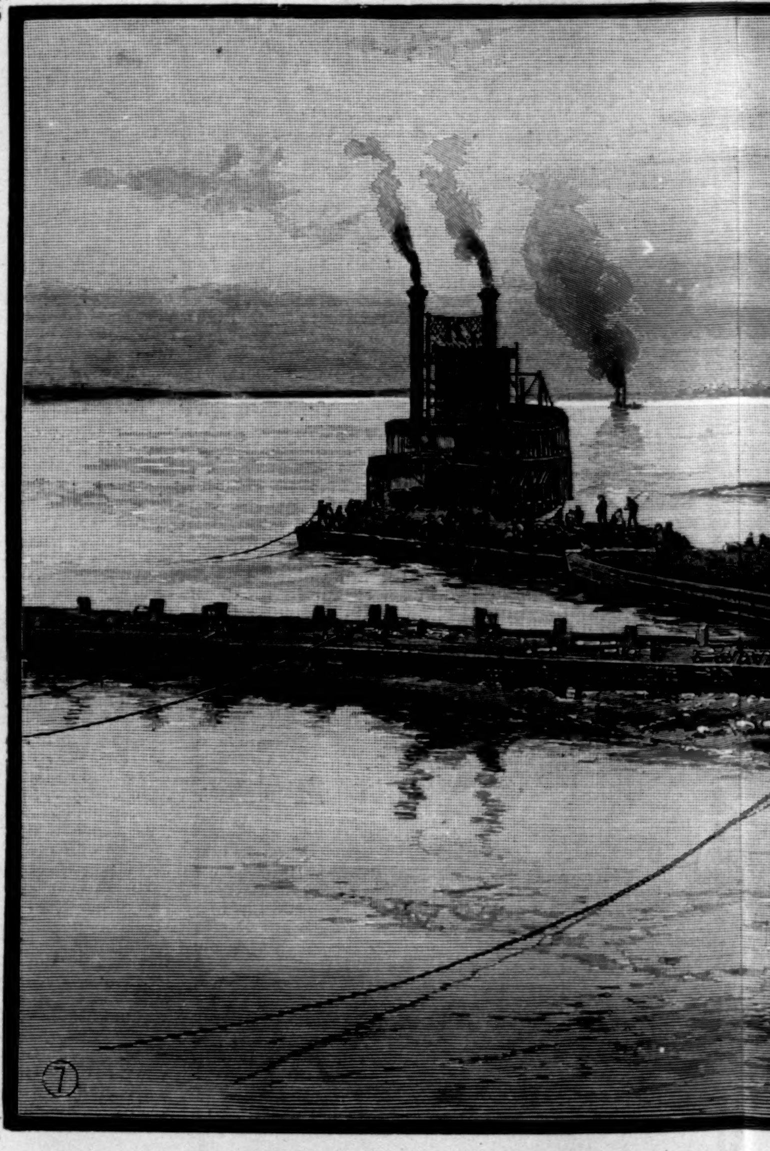






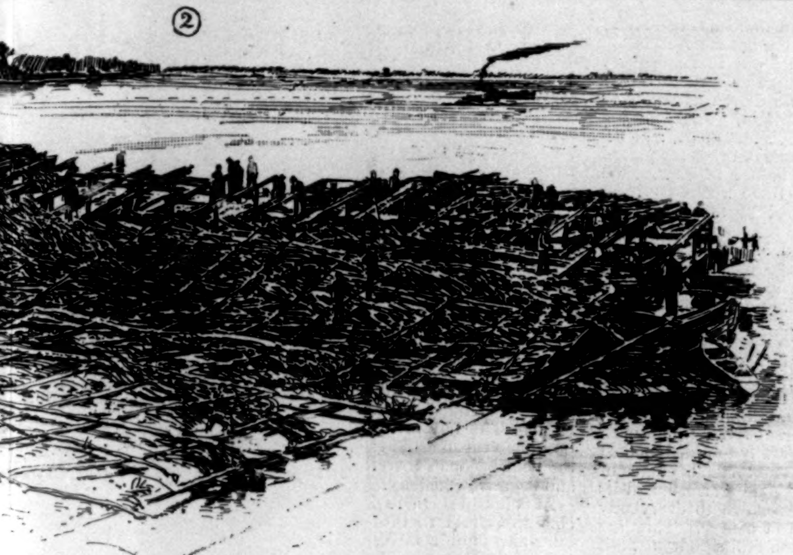


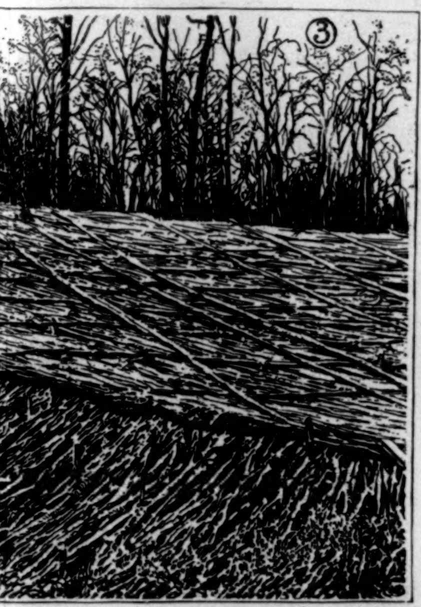


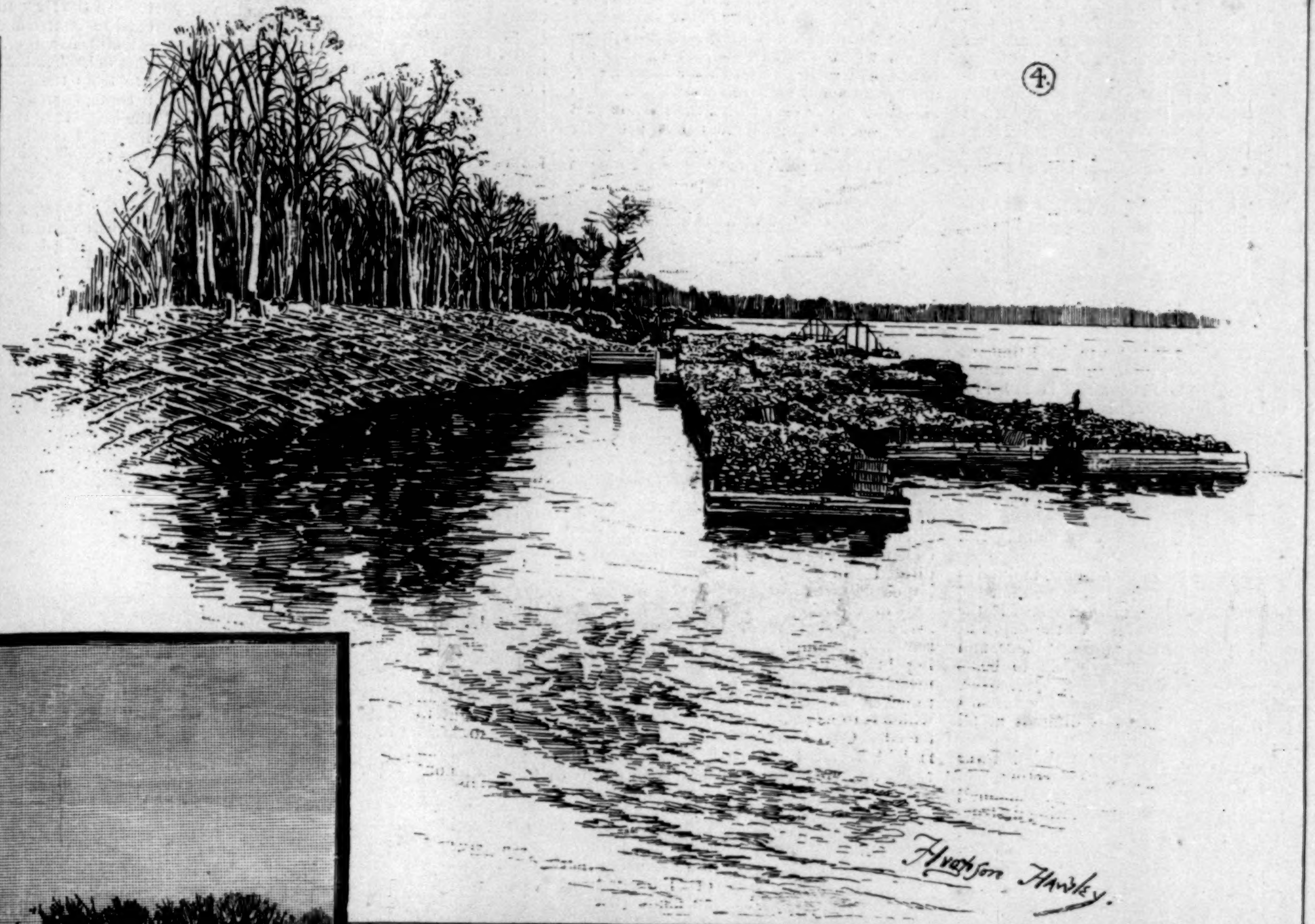


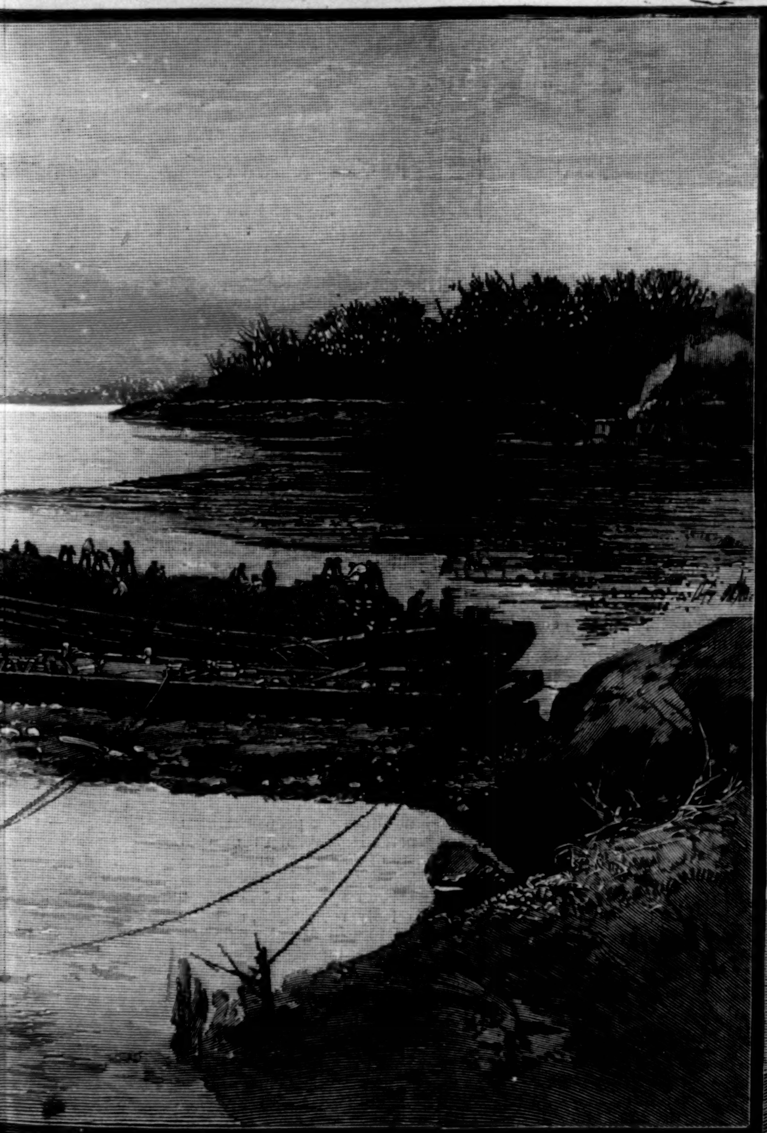
1. Work on Plum Point Reach. 2. Weaving subaqueous Mat. 3. At Memphis Reach—Hopefield Bend Revetement. 4. Stone Fleet—Brush-
7. At Plum Point Reach—sinking subaqueous Mat—beginning of

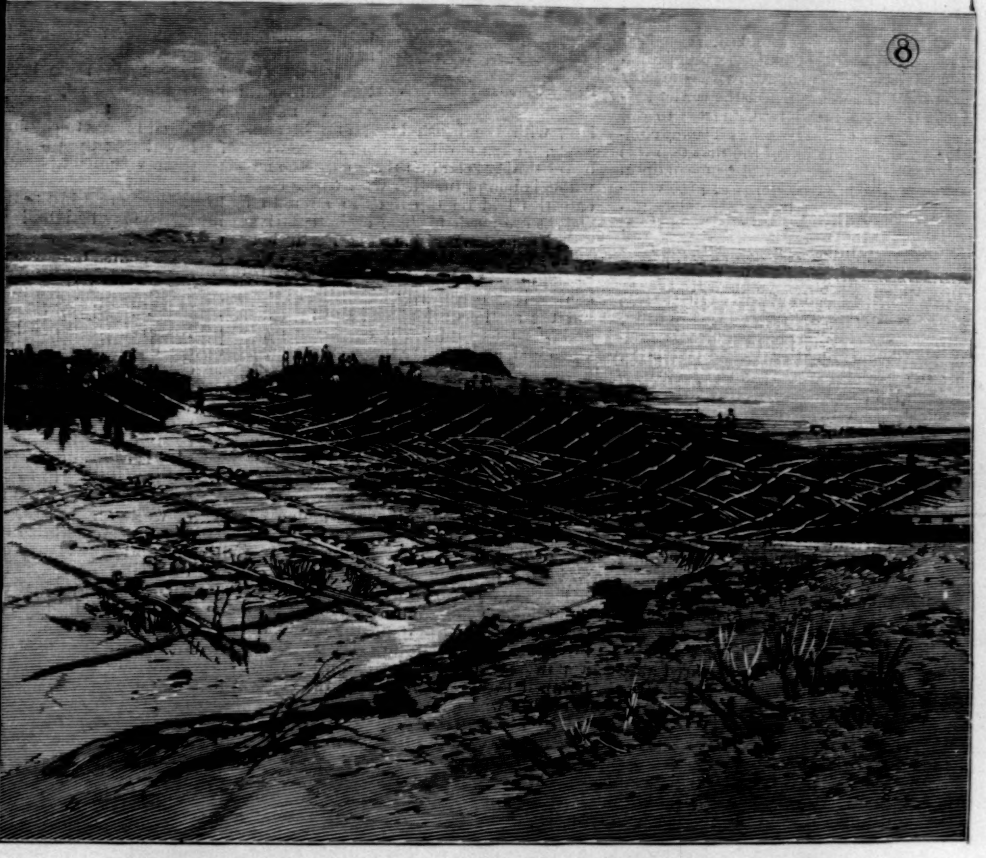
MISSISSIPPI RIVER IMPROVEMENTS.











sh-work of Revetement, completed on Left and ballasting in Progress. 5. Louisiana Bend. 6. Completed Revetement—River at about Mid-stage.
of Operations. 8. Memphis Reach—Hopefield Bend Revetement.